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The New Shaw Play

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At last the German Government has roused itself to measures against the terrorists. Two decrees have been issued, the one setting up special courts with summary powers, the other extending the list of offences for which the death penalty or penal servitude may be imposed. The law is to be enforced "ruthlessly," we are told; it is to be hoped that it will also be enforced impartially. Nobody except the Nazis pretends that it has been so hitherto. Herr Hitler himself may have made some attempt to check the violence of his followers. But his efforts have obviously been ineffective, and they have not been seconded by certain of his prominent lieutenants. These men, it seems, have deliberately encouraged assassination and arson, not simply, as they allege, by way of reprisal for attacks on Nazis, but in order to provoke counter-attacks by the "Marxists" on such a scale as to induce the authorities to lay a heavier hand on Communism. If the new decrees mean what they say, this policy will be foiled, and we shall hear no more of the Nazis' boasts that they will not leave a single drop of their comrades' blood unexpiated. But do the decrees mean what they say?

* * *

Meanwhile the political problem still awaits a solution. The Nazis have not been willing to knuckle under without a struggle to the Junkers. They have indeed pressed their demands for office both publicly and in private discussion—and the demands do not stop at two or three portfolios in the Cabinet; Adolf Hitler must be Chancellor, and Herr Strasser Minister of the Interior. For this they are arguing, bullying and threatening. The Brown Army is in the background—or rather in the foreground—and though there may have been no substance in the rumours early in the week that it was concentrated round the capital, the possibility of a *Putsch* is not absolutely ruled out. President von Hindenburg has returned to Berlin, and discussions with the Cabinet and with Nazi and Nationalist and Centre Party leaders are going on as we write. Though the issue is certainly in doubt, the odds are on the Papen-Schleicher Government remaining in office. If it does, it may find that it has only scotched the snake and not killed it. The temper of the Nazis' Left wing is bitter and resolute, and they are not likely to take the frustration of their ambitions as permanent.

* * *

Economic war continues to be waged between Great Britain and the Irish Free State. Its disastrous consequences are already very evident in Ireland, where the farmers are hard hit by the British tariffs on dairy produce, and the railways by the Irish tax of 5s. a ton on British coal. The effects in this country are not so easily traced, but if the war goes on there is certain to be a great outcry in the autumn from those farmers who depend upon the fattening of Irish store cattle.

Dr. Ryan, the Free State Minister for Agriculture, and two of his official advisers have been recalled from Ottawa to Dublin. It is said that they are needed in Ireland to organise measures for the relief of the farmers, but there is some ground for hope that their return may herald the reopening of negotiations with Great Britain. Their recall followed upon a long conversation by telephone between Mr. De Valera and Mr. Sean O'Kelly, the head of the Irish Delegation at Ottawa, who has been hobnobbing with Mr. Thomas and Mr. Baldwin.

* * *

An opening has been given for new approaches from the Free State by the recent statements of Sir Thomas Inskip and Sir John Simon. These Ministers have shown a welcome uneasiness at the position in which the negotiations were broken off, and Sir John Simon has to some extent cleared the air by stating that handing over the cash is not an indispensable preliminary either to direct negotiations or to arbitration. It is not easy to reconcile Sir John Simon's explanation with the statement issued after Mr. De Valera had left Mr. MacDonald, but we are glad, at any rate, that it is now open to the Free State Government to discuss the questions at issue without first being obliged to pay the sum in dispute. Nobody supposes that it is easy to come to terms with Mr. De Valera, but the aim of our Ministers should be to give him no opportunity for throwing the blame for Irish sufferings on Great Britain.

* * *

Mr. Stimson's speech to the Council of Foreign Relations in New York affords some encouragement both to those who hope for results from the Disarmament Conference and to those who are anxious about the situation in Manchuria. The Kellogg Pact, says Mr. Stimson, does not merely register a pious aspiration. As interpreted by the United States, at any rate, it means business. In the event of war its signatories must do more than say "Fie!" They are pledged to "consultation" with a view to action against a violator of the Pact; and this is a better guarantee of security than the specific undertakings demanded by certain people in Europe. The French, needless to say, are not of that opinion; Mr. Stimson's speech has been soused in buckets of cold water in Paris. But the saner part of the world will welcome this sign of America's increasing readiness to co-operate in the maintenance of peace. As regards the Far East, it has a special significance. The United States, as Mr. Stimson reminded his hearers, has already, in company with other signatories of the Pact and members of the League, refused to recognise the Japanese occupation of Manchuria. Their resolution will before long be put to a further test when the Lytton Report is presented. This adventure might have been nipped in the bud if "consultation" had led to the proper action last winter. We hope that there will be no such feebleness shown in the coming autumn.

* * *

The Government's provisional scheme for the settlement of the Indian communal problem is to be made public on August 17th. The one thing certain is that whatever the proposals may be they will produce an uproar in at least two provinces, Bengal and the Punjab, where the Moslems demand all the advantages of their majority position. The communal question is by far the most serious of political issues in India, and it is to-day a good deal more complicated than it was before the failure of the Indian groups at the Second Round Table Conference to reach a settlement among themselves. Mr. Gandhi's refusal to compromise with the delegates of the depressed classes had the effect of precipitating the minorities' pact, with the result that the caste Hindus, hitherto assured of what they deemed to be unassailable strength, except in the Punjab and the North-West, have now to face a situation much more difficult than they could have anticipated so recently as two years ago. Affairs in Bengal, as it happens, are no less ticklish than in Upper India, as the recent revival of terrorism has shown. Mr. Ellison, the superintendent of police at Comilla, was shot on July 29th and died ten days later; while Sir Alfred Watson, the editor of the *Statesman* of Calcutta, had a miraculous escape from the revolver of a Bengali youth, who committed suicide by poison the moment he saw that his shot had missed. Bengal was once the leading political influence in India; it is now the province that specialises in terrorism.

* * *

The rising in Spain looks—from a distance at any rate—like a comic opera affair. No serious preparations seem to have been made for the *coup* in Madrid in the early hours of Wednesday. The police had been warned in advance of what was afoot, and the whole thing was over in half an hour. The situation in Seville is rather more serious, though how serious we do not know at the time of writing. General Sanjurjo, unlike the rebels at Madrid, is apparently not a Monarchist; his action, he proclaims, is "for the good of the Republic." The explanation presumably lies in his, and a number of other people's, resentment at the severe and arbitrary methods of Señor Azaña's Government. There will evidently be no relaxation of these methods in face of General Sanjurjo's challenge. And the latest news to hand shows that the great mass of the Republicans in Spain prefer the civilian's dictatorship—if dictatorship it be—to what the soldier offers. Ex-king Alfonso, who is staying at Carlsbad, does not seem to have had anything whatever to do with this futile business. But some bright officials in Madrid, we are told, have contributed to the gaiety of nations by drafting an order for his arrest.

* * *

This month's unemployment figures are substantially worse. There has been a serious further decline in building activity, as well as in mining and the heavy metal industries and in the textile trades. The badness of the figures is partly masked by the seasonal improvement of the holiday trades, which have absorbed a considerable number of women; but, despite our change-over to a tariff policy, the official figures show a smaller number of workers employed to-day than a year ago. It is true that this condition of affairs is mainly due to the worsening of world conditions, and to the consequent decline in exports despite the bonus given to them by the fall in the external value of the pound. But this is cold comfort; and the figures

illustrate the futility of economic nationalism as a means of shelter from world adversity. The real volume of unemployment is, of course, a good deal larger than the official figures show; for a number of workers, especially among women, have dropped off the registers in consequence of the Anomalies Act and the Means Test. The increase in distress is much greater than the increase in unemployment. Visitors returning from the industrial areas express themselves as shocked by the changes in conditions and in the appearance of the children during the past twelve months. As these changes become plainer on the surface, resentment grows, and it will grow faster when winter sets in.

* * *

The Minister of Transport has now approved, and the Stationery Office published, the scheme for a pooling of receipts over competitive routes between the London Midland and Scottish and the London and North-Eastern Railway. The scheme is far-reaching, and covers at least a sixth of the combined receipts of the entire British railway system. It is, moreover, known that further agreements of a similar sort are on the way; and these, too, are likely to receive official approval. The object of the scheme is, of course, to eliminate redundant expenditure due to competition. It will affect especially competitive advertisement and canvassing, and the arrangement of goods traffic; but it will also mean some restriction of passenger services. No one can possibly doubt that these arrangements are justifiable as far as they go; for the object of the Railways Act of 1921 was to eliminate competition, and it is manifest that this object has not so far been attained. But do the new agreements go nearly far enough? Would it not be better and more effective to complete the process by a definitive amalgamation of the main-line railways into a single public corporation? The country cannot do without the railways, and it must somehow keep them solvent. The necessary co-ordination with road transport services would be far easier to bring about if the whole railway system were first put under unified public control.

* * *

The strike at Burnley continues, and there is no break in the operatives' solid resistance. The hope of an easy settlement has again receded with the further breakdown of the negotiations over a general reduction in wage-rates covering the entire manufacturing side of the cotton industry. For weeks the employers and the Trade Unions have wrangled in conference about the size of the reduction to be accepted; and there still remained a big gap to be bridged when the negotiations broke down this week on a separate issue. This was the question of reinstatement for operatives who lost their jobs through striking against sectional wage-reductions earlier in the year, before the employers' federation had terminated the old wage agreement. The Trade Unions contend that these sectional reductions were made in breach of the agreement, and that men who struck against them and so lost their jobs have been victimised and must be reinstated. The employers refuse this, because they will not discharge the blacklegs who took the strikers' places, or because they propose to carry on with a reduced labour force. If agreement had been reached on the wage question, this problem of reinstatement could probably have been dealt with. But as matters stand the deadlock seems to be complete; the Unions declare that they will accept no settlement which leaves their victimised members in the lurch.

* * *

The British delegates to Ottawa a few weeks ago had as fellow passengers on the *Empress of Britain* our Olympic team, bound for California. The Ministers sailed as first-class passengers, the athletes as "tourists"; when itinerant politicians are so numerous, and international sportsmen so scarce, a reversal of these roles would perhaps have been appropriate. The games opened at Los Angeles on July 30th, and the track events—upon which, in the main, the world's interest is focused—concluded on Sunday last. Distance and "economy" (with what heroic self-mortification are we economising on all the wrong things) necessarily cut down British representation almost to a skeleton force; nevertheless, Lord Burghley's team has given a very good account of itself. In the twenty-three track events British athletes secured two first places, four seconds and one third; only the United States (whose representatives won eleven events) and Finland doing better than this. Our outstanding performance was T. Hampson's 800 metres in 1 min. 49⅕sec. This time is not likely to be beaten in our generation, since a marvellous track and ideal climatic conditions made the standard of achievement at Los Angeles markedly higher than any previously attained.

* * *

Graham Wallas, who died on Wednesday in his seventy-fifth year, will be widely mourned. He first came into prominence in the 1880's, when as a young schoolmaster he joined with the Webbs and Bernard Shaw and the rest who were building up the Fabian Society. He was active as a Fabian propagandist for the best part of twenty years, and even after he resigned from the Society he remained staunch to the old principles. His Socialism did not march fast and far in these later days; he always had in him a large measure of the old philosophic Radicalism. He devoted many years of his life to municipal work—and especially to the advancement of education—first on the London School Board and afterwards on the London County Council. But it was as university teacher that his influence was most powerful. At the London School of Economics and in the United States, where he frequently lectured, Professor Wallas gave an immense stimulus to the study of public administration and of the psychology of politics, and several of his books—notably *Human Nature in Politics* and *The Great Society*—rank as classics. He was always in the closest contact with his students and his colleagues; few professors, we should say, knew so many other professors as did Wallas. He was a man with a passion for acquiring knowledge and for imparting it, and in his heyday he imparted it magnificently. His mind was never slack, and it was amusing to see him perpetually jotting down notes of what he heard or of ideas that came into his own head. In his public life he was utterly disinterested; in private he was entirely unaffected, a good companion and a loyal friend.

TRAGI-COMEDY AT OTTAWA

THE Ottawa Conference would be a pretty comedy if there were not so much at stake. Mr. Bennett, on behalf of Canada, began by demanding thumping preferences on practically everything his countrymen have to sell—even including wheat, though the wheat-growers explicitly requested him to let them alone. He added a demand for a boycott of Soviet Russia, and threw in a few further ultimata in case he should run any risk of being deemed too modest. Naturally, after these bombshells, the delegates and the public waited with some interest to see what he proposed to offer Great Britain in return; it would need to be something pretty big even to be dressed up at all plausibly as an equivalent. The delegates and the public had to wait a long time; and meanwhile Mr. Bennett and his Cabinet, their doors besieged by legions of agitated Canadian industrialists, were immersed in stormy debate. The industrialists outside the Cabinet were menacing, the high protectionists inside were obstinate. Report says they threatened resignation if anything was to be done to lower substantially the level of protection enjoyed by Canadian industry. They were victorious, and when at length Mr. Bennett produced his eagerly awaited schedules, it was the turn of the British to be indignant. For they offered hardly anything at all—certainly nothing even remotely resembling the concessions demanded from Great Britain. The estimates by means of which the Canadian statisticians tried to make the best of them were torn to pieces in a moment. Even our protectionist Ministers rejected them with scorn. They were sent back to Mr. Bennett, with a request that he and his colleagues should think again.

As we write, they are still thinking. But there is no evidence that the Canadian industrialists or their supporters in the Cabinet are prepared to give way. To some modifications they can doubtless be made to agree; but from Mr. Bennett's present Government it is out of the question to expect any offer at all commensurate with the demands it has made. There is even talk of a Cabinet split, to be followed up by the favourite nostrum of a "National" Government, backed by the Liberals, and capable of standing up to the industrialists. But it is not easy to believe that Mr. Bennett will be prepared to break his Cabinet, unless he is certain in advance of very large concessions from Great Britain—larger concessions than we believe Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues can dare to make.

So there has been deadlock at Ottawa, though good progress is said to have been made with the negotiations between Great Britain and the other Dominions. Canada remains inevitably the crux of the imperial economic problem. It is, however, difficult and damaging for Mr. Bennett, and still more difficult and damaging for Mr. Baldwin, to admit the failure of the Conference. Mr. Bennett fears the farmers and the Liberals hardly less than the industrialists; and the British delegation will not be at all happy if it has to come home empty-handed to face the anger of Lord Beaverbrook and Sir Henry Page-Croft, to say nothing of Mr. Amery and Mr. Churchill. In this, from the standpoint of the British public, lies the principal danger—the danger that Mr. Bennett may so draw up his schedules as to make a plausible showing of increased openings for British trade, and that the British delegates, in return for concessions which they know to be worth very little, may be induced by fear of their own imperialist followers to fasten upon us food taxes, timber taxes, quotas, a boycott of Russia, and, in fine, a series of measures certain to raise the cost of living in this country. Moreover, there is the additional danger that these vexatious measures may be imposed on us in such a way as to make their subsequent removal very difficult indeed, and almost certainly to embroil us with the Dominions when we do remove them.

The real conclusion to be drawn from the events at Ottawa is that Canada intends for the present to go her own high protectionist way, that she is quite prepared to get all she can from Great Britain and to give as little as possible in return, and accordingly that the idea of any formal and close economic union between the two countries ought to be ruled out. Canada is already a great industrial nation, and means to become more industrial. She has very close ties with the United States, and does not mean to break them. She is prepared in some cases to give an increased British preference by the method of raising her already high duties against foreign goods. But her statesmen are well aware that this is likely to be far more effective in causing American firms to set up branch factories in Canada than in increasing British imports.

Canada has occupied so much of the limelight at Ottawa that it is very difficult to discover what has been happening in the case of the other Dominions. Negotiations with them are alleged to be going well; but so far no concrete evidence of this has been produced. They are doubtless going better than the negotiations with Canada—indeed, they could not well go worse. But even about these other negotiations we must suspend judgment till we are given the materials for judging aright.

Meanwhile, the committee dealing with financial questions has avoided deadlock and even completed its report. It has achieved this by simply ignoring all the principal issues which it was originally expected to discuss. An Empire currency, an Empire Central Bank, a new sterling standard in place of gold as the basis of a new world currency system—these things have been ruled out of discussion altogether. Very properly; for there was never any real hope of making progress along those lines. But the result is that the Financial Committee's report will consist of no more than a few declaratory resolutions about the expediency of raising the world price-level, of keeping the exchanges stable between Empire countries, and so on.

In fact, on all major issues a fiasco seems imminent at Ottawa. Agreement purchased somehow among countries so divergent in point of view as Canada and Great Britain can only be agreement secured at the expense of one or other of the parties, or at all events in violation of its own conception of its interests. Our fear is now, as it has been all along, that the British delegation, afraid to come back and admit failure to the hot-gospellers, will sacrifice the British consumer on the altar of an economic imperialism which is without

honour in the Empire countries, and then, in return for no substantial gain, seriously damage Great Britain's international position and put formidable obstacles in the way of the World Economic Conference which is to meet in a few months' time.

MR. DE VALERA—REBEL OR REFORMER?

THE history of Ireland is filled with the names of picturesque and ineffectual rebels like Smith O'Brien and Gavan Duffy, and unsuccessful and therefore equally ineffectual revolutionaries, like Mitchel and Lalor, but the list of those responsible for a successful revolution, a fundamental change, that is, of any kind in the conditions of life in Ireland is brief and strange. I can think of only three—Cromwell, O'Connell and for the third I hesitate between Davitt and any one of those Chief Secretaries whose shade might be surprised at being placed beside the Protector and the Liberator, the men responsible directly, as Davitt was indirectly, for the various Land Acts which continued the work of liberation begun by O'Connell.

Cromwell destroyed and these others built up—not rebuilt, for Cromwell did his work too well for that; they built up a new Ireland, the hybrid Anglo-Ireland of to-day. Were it not for the Cromwellians we Irish might still be thinking, talking, and writing Irish, but were it not for O'Connell we might not be thinking, talking or writing at all. From Catholic Emancipation and the Land Purchase Acts comes almost every feature of modern Irish life: on the one hand that new and intelligent but no longer Gaelic democracy that made possible Anglo-Irish literature and the founding of the Free State, on the other, the anglicisation (almost) of Ireland, the loss of almost everything distinctively national—language, dress, folk-lore, and the final imposition on Ireland of the modern capitalist system. For Dan O'Connell was an arrant Tory and at Westminster he spoke against the Irish trade-unionists of the last century with all the class-hatred of a snob. He had none of the idealism of the later Sinn Feiners. He purchased the material benefits that followed emancipation at the price of the distinctive nationality of his race. It is not to judge him that one recalls this, for considering his time and the material he worked with, he had to do it. Among Irish revolutionaries he is without a peer.

This distinction between ineffectual rebel and effective revolutionary is essential when approaching every Irish politician subsequent to O'Connell. It is certainly essential at the moment if we are to understand, first, why the majority of the Irish country people have voted Mr. De Valera into power; secondly, if we are to assess in a realistic way Mr. De Valera's value to them; and thirdly, if we are to form any idea of the future path of Ireland.

For in a country like Ireland it is only the fields that count—the parasitical and factory-less towns may be ignored; and if the Irish farmer hoped for a fundamental change in his life as a result of the fight of 1916–1921 (surely, unless he was a fool, the farmer took the terms "freedom" and "liberty" to mean only some fundamental change?) the recent general election does seem to indicate that he was disappointed. To borrow titles from a modern biographer, Good-bye to All That was followed by the sad acknowledgment, But Still it Goes On. He vented his dissatisfaction on the only people he could and, justly or unjustly, Mr. Cosgrave went out of office. So far everything is quite simple, but it is the duty of the critic to see the relation between the single event and the continuity of history. Actually Mr. Cosgrave went out of office because he failed to fulfil the promises of Arthur Griffith, and Mr. De Valera has come in because he has revived interest in those forgotten (or are they refuted?) principles and guaranteed to implement at least some of them.

The second point, therefore, of Mr. De Valera's real value to the people who voted him power should be almost wholly economic, seeing that he is politically no more and no less a Sinn Feiner than Griffith or Mr. Cosgrave who accepted the Treaty as satisfying their political aspirations. For Mr. De Valera may wriggle as much as he likes with talk of mandates and hope of even wider mandates from the electorate—the fact is ineluctable that he has accepted the Treaty, taken the oath, and declared that he has no wish, at the moment, to go out of the Commonwealth. But he will not have it that the question is purely an economic one and none of the extreme nationalists will admit this.

Here, then, is the crux situate in the divided and imponderable mind of the Irish leader. It is difficult enough for Irishmen to be faced by all the intricacies of a policy of economic reform, but they are confronted in addition with the question of the wisdom of the particular frame of mind in which Mr. De Valera may approach it. For instance, decentralisation of industry has been a favourite plank of Fianna Fail and one which, to the general worker, makes a certain appeal. He objects to the impersonal and rigid methods of the large centralised industries, seen at their most extreme in Ireland at the Cork Ford's, and he does not see why there should not be in Ireland as in, say, the Black Forest, thriving town and village centres. But on the other hand, he must have regular employment and the best conditions of work; and these are certainly provided by such firms as Jacob's, Guinness, and others of those very same centralised industries to which the politically minded Mr. De Valera objects solely because they represent foreign, i.e., English control on Irish man-power. These economic problems can never be, at any rate never are, discussed as such by the Dail. The labouring classes in Ireland are, as everywhere, slow-witted and uneducated; they are at the mercy of the politicians, their own representatives among the rest.

No wonder then that Mr. De Valera's value is a difficult problem. If I were a political cartoonist I should sum up the position by depicting Mr. De Valera turning in perplexity from the irrelevant business of sword-sharpening to face the shade of James Connolly, the one constructive Socialist mind among the 1916 leaders, and being offered by him the cloak that he in turn had taken from John Mitchel and James Fintan Lalor; behind would be the astute farmers wondering what it will all mean to them.

It is regrettable that since the days of O'Connell the Irish workers' parties have themselves always subordinated economic issues to political ones and it is little wonder that as a result the workers vote generally for the parties that are wholeheartedly political. Miss Louie Bennett, the other day in Cork, in her presidential address to the Trades Union Congress, should have remembered this when—adverting to the dangerous element in Mr. De Valera's mentality—she said that Fianna Fail, though sympathetic in many directions to Labour, was of so highly political a mentality that it subordinated economic to political issues, and it is more than regrettable, it is tragic, that the one leader since Parnell who seems to make a popular appeal should at all times shine as a rebel and fail as a reformer. To-day he will talk like another O'Connell—i.e., as a constructive reformer—and in that frame of mind he cannot fail to enlist the support and sympathy of every Irishman; but to-morrow he will talk like any ineffectual rebel who might lead the country into a turmoil for something which would leave the farmer and the worker precisely where they were before he was born.

It is here that Irish moderates get enraged with the Irish Government and the Irish workers begin to be worried over the horse they have backed. Mr. De Valera's

mental confusion arises from his dependence for motive-power on historico-political ideals and antipathies. That is the strength of the party and the weakness of its leader. It is the element that mingles doubt with hope in every serious-minded Irishman whenever Mr. De Valera asks for further powers.

If, therefore, in the nature of the case there can be no certainty about Mr. De Valera's value to the people, there can, on the other hand, be no doubt as to the future path of Ireland. There will be no going back now. Modern Ireland is a young country (if one dates, as one must, from O'Connell) and must by nature be in a constant state of movement—for ever forging, to borrow a phrase from Joyce, in the smithy of her soul her ever-developing conscience of race. The present wave of patriotic emotion, for which Mr. De Valera deserves the entire credit, could develop in the people new spiritual and physical resources if the politicians had only the sense to direct and sustain it; but if, by reason of foolish prejudices or rashness inspired by old political hate, they persist in entirely unnecessary and irrelevant political quarrelling, again losing the substance of reform for the shadow of a political satisfaction, it will be hard to find words stern enough for a party and a leader that will have thrown the country into a ferment and given in return nothing but a bitter memory, pockets at ebb-tide, and broken hopes of a decent standard of living. It may be hard—but we may be sure the electorate will find such words, even if it has to content itself with the names of Mr. De Valera's political opponents at the ballot-boxes. None the less, the present adventure will not end there; for it is safe to say that all this time Mr. Cosgrave has been learning a few things that he either has not known, or had forgotten, with regard to the temper and prime necessities of his race. SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN.

A LONDON DIARY

ALL newspapers are, of course, honest and tell their readers the truth, or rather what the editor or proprietor considers to be truth. Unfortunately, editors, proprietors, and hence reporters, like other people, are apt to find the truth in what they want to be true. The truth in Ottawa during the last week has varied according to the newspaper you happen to read. It is by the use of headlines that the modern daily paper has proved the value of the relativity of facts. Thus on the same day the *Times* had a headline: "Canadian Offer—Lower Duties on British Goods—New Preferences Sought." and the *Daily Herald* had the headline: "Canada's Terms—'You Must Tax Wheat and Meat'—Preference on 200 Products Offer in Return." Every day the protectionist and imperialist press has stressed the lower duties on British goods and suppressed or repressed the theme of higher taxes on imports, while the anti-protectionist and anti-imperialist press has done vice versa. And yet I discovered long ago that if only you read enough daily papers you get so many contradictory statements about the same facts that you can always deduce the real truth. I discovered it in this way. Some years ago, when international politics were peculiarly important and crisis succeeded crisis, I had to follow the course of these events carefully and yet was unable to keep in touch with any "persons with inside information." Every day I read the following papers: The *Times*, *Manchester Guardian*, *Morning Post*, *Le Temps*, *L'Action Française*, *L'Humanité*, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, *Berliner Tageblatt*, *Neue Freie Presse*, *Corriere della Sera*, and *Pravda*. It was very rarely that any two of these papers gave exactly the same account of the facts. And yet I found that it was almost always possible by collating the contradictory accounts to know for a certainty what the facts were, and —what is more—what was happening in most of the different Foreign Offices of Europe. More often than not the truth was a kind of composite picture of what each paper did not want its readers to know. And by reading what all these different papers wanted their readers to know, you were able to discover what each of them did not want its readers to know.

* * *

Lowes Dickinson was something much more than the Platonic philosopher which some obituary notices call him. Spiritually and intellectually he was a humanist. He belonged to the world of Erasmus and Goethe rather than to that of Lord Rothermere and Lord Beaverbrook. Hence to many of his contemporaries he seemed perhaps out of date and, as someone put it, "backward looking." The man who thought Lowes Dickinson "backward looking" may, however, have been suffering from the optical delusion which so often deceives contemporaries and induces them to mistake their own fashionable follies and foibles for the future of civilisation. If mankind ever becomes widely civilised it will have much of the mind and character of Lowes Dickinson. But even in a completely civilised world I doubt whether many people will have the personal charm which he had. It is perhaps foolish to try to find the causes for the personal charm which comes from the depths of character, as it did in his case. It was partly the result of an extraordinarily wide, quiet, delicate, and sensitive sympathy. "The only people I hate," he once said to me, "are politicians with whose opinions I disagree," and then after a pause, with that curious lifting of his forehead and the whole of the top of his head, he smiled and added: "and you know, when I meet them, I rather like them." It was this sympathy which made him the most charming of companions. With so many people it is impossible to talk because there is no response to ideas: as De Tocqueville said of Napoleon III, to talk to him was like throwing stones into a well; you hear the sound they make but you have not the vaguest notion what happens to them. Lowes Dickinson was the exact opposite: he allowed you to see the process by which the little common pebbles of your words and thoughts passed through his mind and were more often than not returned to you in the shape of exquisite jewels.

* * *

Some time ago I had something to say about the degeneration in the standard of music in B.B.C. programmes. I think it fair to say that recently there has been a great improvement. That there should be plenty of light music and jazz band is only right, but the B.B.C. should, I maintain, provide at least one hour of first-class music every evening. During the last month or more this ideal has almost been attained, and the organiser of the programmes has every now and then left the beaten track with great success, e.g., in the programme of Early Italian music the other night. Musically the worst feature in the B.B.C. remains the deplorable standard of English singing, and here the women singers are even worse than the men. To hear the B.B.C. sopranos mincing out Schubert songs, like a schoolgirl singing a sentimental Lord Henry Somerset melody in a Victorian drawing-room, is really lamentable.

* * *

I am not a racing man, but I occasionally go to a race meeting, and whenever I do I am astonished by the ingenuity which turns what might be a beautiful and enjoyable sport and spectacle into the dreariest and most sordid of businesses. The other day there was racing on a course near which I was staying, and I walked up to the racecourse accompanied by a dog on a fine sunny afternoon. Racing was in full progress. The racecourse lies along the top of a range of hills in lovely country. I strolled along to the side of the course opposite the stands and enclosures. I was stopped by a policeman who asked me whether I was going into the enclosure. I said "No." He looked at me and my dog

with considerable suspicion, and asked me where I wanted to go. I said that I and my dog proposed to go for a walk on the down. He was still more suspicious and told me that there was a path along which I could walk—this on unfenced open downland! I walked along to the rails facing the stands and enclosures and surveyed my fellow human beings. On my side of the course, between myself and the starting gate, a distance of about 1½ miles, there were exactly four persons, of whom two were children. On the opposite side of the course, on dingy wooden stands, or standing herded in iron-railed enclosures, were hundreds of closely packed people. The noise was tremendous, the heat considerable, and even at my distance I had a whiff of the odour of perspiring people, scent, and face powder. On my side of the course one could see the great sweep of the down, and when the race was on I had an uninterrupted view of the horses racing for several furlongs to within 150 yards of the winning post. On the other side, all that most of the people could see were iron railings and a flash of the jockeys' colours as they passed the enclosure. CRITIC.

THE TEN SENSES

THE coloured landscape and the changing heavens, the world of forms and sounds and moving objects, the feel of things and their taste and smell constitute, but not entirely, the physical environment in which we spend our lives. It has long ago been observed that these things are dependent for their characteristic properties on our possession of a series of sense organs or organs of receptivity, the range and sensitiveness of which determine the nature of the physical world about us.

Traditionally man has five senses. Actually the kinds of receptor organs capable of receiving different stimuli number, in man, considerably more than five. In many animals below the vertebrate series they are less. Thus most insects and other jointed animals, worms, molluscs, and lowlier creatures live in a silent world where sound does not exist, a sombre world that has little form and no colour. Brightness and darkness, the force of gravity, and a certain range of taste-smell chemical stimuli constitute the universe for most of them, and, for the more primitive, much less than these. On the other hand, fishes and tadpoles have a receptor organ, which we lack, for vibrations that are of a frequency so low as to be inaudible to human ears irrespective of "loudness," whilst many fishes possess a depth-sense.

Our nearer relatives, dogs and cats, have been shown by experiments conducted along the lines initiated by Pavlov to lack the power to discriminate colour. We are justified in assuming that they look out on a monochrome world like a photograph, which, however, probably has a richness and variety of smells that we do not perceive. It has been proved by the Pavlov technique that the dog has a fine discrimination of musical notes and can distinguish differences as small as a fraction of a tone—for instance, the difference between 256 vibrations per second, the middle C, and a note of 264 vibrations per second. Time also is recognisable by the dog to a nice degree. Canine reactions established by practice to a metronome beating 100 beats per minute are not evoked by an instrument beating 104 per minute.

They share with us and with most animals, even as low down in the scale of organisation as the jellyfish, a sixth sense unrecognised in the orthodox category of the Five Senses. There is a receptor organ that responds to the pull of gravity. In man and other vertebrates it is a system of semi-circular canals situated in the inner ear, discovered by Flourens early in the nineteenth century. It consists in its simplest form, below the vertebrate series, of a small chamber internally supplied with nerve endings, above, below, and on every side. A grain of stony matter, loose, and thus subject independently to the attraction of gravity, rests on the floor of the chamber and presses on the adjacent nerve endings. With every movement of the animal's head it adjusts itself to the force of gravity. It thus stimulates those particular receptor areas that happen at the moment to lie beneath it. The stimulus of pressure by the stony grain, or statolith as it is called, is conveyed in the usual way along an afferent, or sensory, nerve fibre to the central nervous system, the telephone exchange of the organism. Here the impulse is, as it were, switched on to the efferent, or motor fibre, along which it travels to the muscles and the appropriate adjustment of balance is made. A curious comment on the machine-like action of the system of stimulus and response in general, and of the organ of equilibration in particular is the famous experiment of Kreidl. He substituted iron filings for the statolith in the shrimp, which promptly orientated itself, not to gravity, but to a magnetic field. When the field was imposed above its tank it swam upside down. Being righted, it immediately adjusted itself to magnetic attraction.

Our philosophies for a hundred generations have rested on this erroneous postulate of five senses. Touch and taste, smell, hearing and sight alone cannot supply us with any perception of time and space. Time and space must therefore, it was argued, be merely intellectual constructions. On this supposition rested the apex of an inverted pyramid of dialectic. Man, God and Purpose, the Universe and the Categorical Imperative were woven into seeming-solid systems of thought. The experimental biologist in our generation, agitating the dust of centuries that lies about this limited notion of sensation, has blown away some of the fine-spun filaments of the philosopher's web. Sir Charles Sherrington's brilliant elucidation of what he has called Proprioreceptors and their action has revealed a mechanism by which a sense of time and a sense of space are communicated to us through our own bodies just as truly as we perceive visible and tangible objects. Briefly, the muscles are themselves equipped with minute receptors which receive stimuli from their own action. Typical afferent nerve fibres run from these to the central nervous system and convey to it impulses in exactly the same way as they are conveyed from the eye, the ear, and the tactile bulbs in the skin. Every beat of the heart is thus registered in the brain, every contraction of the gut, and every pulse in all the rhythmic organs of the bodily machine. Thus our own internal rhythms serve us as a clock which we carry about in this gross material body just as we carry a microphone in our ears that converts into mechanical vibrations which agitate the organ of hearing of the inner ear, the chemo-electrical nerve impulses that pass along the auditory nerve.

Minute receptors also register the contraction of the muscles in other parts of the body, sending afferent impulses back to the central nervous system and apprising us of the fact and direction of muscular action. Thus we are aware of the position of our limbs in space without regard to vision or touch. This form of receptivity, combined with that of the gravity receptors, and aided perhaps by binocular vision which enables us to see things, as the artists say, "in the round," permits space to be for us something more than a pure mental construction. Space, in fact, becomes perceptible through the receptor organs in a way analogous to that of light and sound.

It would not be difficult to justify the contention that we are equipped with, not five senses, but ten. In addition to the gravity receptor and the space and time receptors above mentioned, there are the much more familiar receptors of light and sound, the two chemo-receptors, those of taste for near objects and smell for distant objects, the tactile bulbs in the skin for surface touch, the deep-seated receptors for pressure, and the two kinds of thermo-receptors for heat and cold respectively.

The outside world is for us entirely circumscribed by this peculiar equipment of receiving apparatus. What it might

appear to a being with a different set of apparatus provides an amusing exercise for the imagination. J. B. S. Haldane's entertaining possibilities are well known. Hogben has speculated briefly on the world of Kreidl's shrimp, supposing that animal to have been educated in the magnetic field from its tenderest years. Would its world, he inquires, be one in which a straight line was the shortest distance between two points, if the ever-potent lines of magnetic force had always determined a curvilinear path as its ordinary mode of locomotion? There seems little doubt that crustacean Euclid would have to be revised to suit the changed character of receptivity. We have seen how the dog's world is not, like ours, one predominantly of sights and sounds. It is more likely one in which smells and sounds predominate. The frog lives in a world where light and shade are perceived not merely with the eyes but through the skin, whilst drought and humidity stimulate receptors in the toe-pads. We feel thirst in the throat. The frog gets thirsty in its toes. Ants, there is evidence for supposing, are receptive to ultra-violet rays. If this is also true of butterflies, the patterns on the butterfly's wing which are apparent to us are not those which the butterfly sees, for a beam of ultra-violet completely changes them. Thus many of the teleological assumptions concerning colour and pattern so dear to the heart of the nineteenth century naturalist are possibly without foundation. Sound vibrations less frequent than sixteen per second, which we can hear only as a series of discrete impacts, are received by the bat as a continuous musical note. That animal's own cry, above 30,000 vibrations per second, is quite inaudible to some human ears, but heard as a shrill squeak by others.

There are in fact two ways in which our world is circumscribed by our receptor equipment. First, we can get only such stimuli as are able to be received by our peculiar set of organs. Secondly, those organs operate only within a limited range. It is well-nigh impossible to imagine physical phenomena of a kind different from those appropriate to our receptors. It is much easier to suppose the same set of organs functioning outside their ordinary limits. Suppose, for instance, our light receptors to be capable of stimulation by rays beyond the violet end of the visible spectrum. The shorter actinic rays are more penetrative than, what are at present, light rays. We should thus probably be able to see right through solid objects with surprising and possibly embarrassing results. Privacy would be a little difficult. Collectors on flag days would be able to see the coins in our pockets. Deception would be rare. Even diplomacy might decay. Shifting our receptivity to the other end of the spectrum so that the blue and violet were outside the range of our receptors, white light would no longer exist and all the colours would be changed. Blue and violet would become invisible. Heat would become light. If the process were extended sufficiently far down the scale, our radio sets would be activated by visible rays and the broadcasting station would send out floods of light. Equally startling would be the effect of shifting the range of audition. At the lower end of the scale of vibrations earth tremors would be apparent to us as low musical notes. Human speech at the highest pitch would become inaudible. Tenors and women would be silent, and all the machines would swell into one grand sweet song. AUTOSOME.

Correspondence

TERRORISM IN GERMANY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In the current issue the leading Comment of the Week runs: "It is abundantly clear that the Nazis are the chief, if not the only criminals."

It seems useless to me to argue with the gentleman who wrote these lines. Even if I would mention the hundreds of Nazis murdered by Communists lately, I would probably be not successful to convince him. The only way would be to ask this gentleman of your editorial staff to go to Germany and walk peacefully in the "red" streets of Berlin or Hamburg with a Nazi badge on his coat. He will soon realise on which side the criminals and aggressors are. I do not think his mind about the "peaceful" Communists and Reichsbannermen will be unchanged. Besides—I wish him a safe return!

H. W. THOST,
73 Vineyard Hill Road, Wimbledon Park, S.W.19.
London Correspondent of the *Volkischer Beobachter* (the Chief Hitler organ).

[We did not say the Communists were "peaceful," or that they had not committed outrages. What we said was that the Nazis are chiefly responsible for the present wave of terror. We have no intention of asking anyone on our staff to wear a Nazi badge either in a "red" street in Berlin or anywhere else in the world.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

THE JUNKERS IN THE SADDLE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The article "The Junkers in the Saddle" and the paragraph on the Elections in the "Comments" in your issue of August 6th so entirely misrepresent the position that I cannot but feel sure that the writers of both articles draw their information from sources lacking the necessary objectivity.

Everyone except the members of the late Government, the Communists and the Social Democrats hailed the new Government, which had from the very first been expected—and in the meantime proved—to be absolutely impartial and to usher in the end a fairer system of government.

We have not heard of any dastardly outrages on the morrow of the poll by the Hitlerites. The outrages on the Sunday before the poll in Altona were entirely and admittedly instigated by the Communist Party, who were shooting on the Hitlerites demonstrating for votes and being without arms. Or is it to be framed as an attack by the Hitlerites upon the Communists if the latter are shooting upon the Hitlerites in the streets with machine-guns, rifles and revolvers from the windows, balconies and roofs of the houses in the streets through which the Nazis were to pass? The machine-guns captured were so thoroughly protected against detection and sight from the street that there is more than likeliness that these were placed there at least twenty-four hours before the demonstration was to take place.

During the next weeks you will have plenty of opportunities to follow up quite a few hundreds of criminal cases, in Court, which will make clear to any unbeliever that *murder, arson and pillage are solely committed by the members of the Communist Party and none—up to now—by the Nazis. The few deaths caused by Nazis have all been proved to have been committed in self-defence.* All reports of murders, etc., by Nazis will only be found in the press of the Left parties, the Centre, Staatspartei, Social Democracy and Communists. In fact, *the discipline among the Hitlerites is remarkable*—up to now—but if they should begin to lose their temper one day or another I should not in the least be surprised.

As regards the programme of the new Government, they are hardly to be expected to disclose it yet. All they did up to now was to disclose a portion of the frauds and abuses of official moneys by their predecessors, and the dismissal of the Prussian Government was welcomed by the reasonable part of the populace.

What we have had hitherto cannot but be called a "surface order," but the new Government is surely aiming at something as near as possible to equity and moral purity in Government offices. Whether it will be possible to satisfy the never-slackening greed of the working class is a matter of whether they will succeed in elucidating the workmen as to how far they can go in their demands without interfering with the endeavours of finding work for the unemployed. That this will not be the paradise a good portion of the workmen dreams of is nothing surprising.

I am not a Hitlerite and I have not given my vote in his favour last Sunday; but it appears to me unjust and almost disgracing the high position of your paper to accuse the Hitlerites of the vile crimes others have committed and are still committing almost every day.

G. H. GRIESSBAUER.
Hamburg-Billbrook, Liebigstr. 88.
(A German Subscriber.)

[This letter, and especially certain sentences which we have

taken the liberty of italicising, seem to be typical of the ostrich-like attitude of the Nazis and those who defend their excesses. As for the policy of the present German Government, our correspondent is, of course, entitled to hold his own opinions about it. But the fact that we (in company with a great part of Germany and a still greater part of the world outside) do not agree with him, does not convict us of lacking the "necessary objectivity."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

CIVIL AVIATION AND WAR

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Handley Page in an interview given to the *Observer* last week is gravely concerned for the welfare of the British Empire by the proposals before the Disarmament Conference that all air transport should be placed under international control. "The proposals presuppose," he said, "that civil aviation has something to do with weapons of war—a typically European view as distinct from the British Imperial view." A charming example of British naïveté and superiority that other countries so lamentably fail to appreciate as sincere! In this case I find some difficulty in reconciling the implications of this remark with his later statement, "that no useful progress can be made towards the ideal of aerial disarmament till the warlike potentialities of any flying machine are recognised." I, in my stupidity, had supposed that such recognition had provoked the proposals made at Geneva just as it provoked Lord Cecil's remarks on flying at the Liberal Summer School.

But perhaps we need not take Mr. Handley Page's altruistic solicitude too seriously, when we read his conclusion that "the only way to minimise the menace of the civil aeroplane is to maintain efficient military air services," unless, of course, we hold shares in one of the aviation firms. Then we shall appreciate his patriotism and pray that his views, as an expert, convince the Disarmament Conference. WILLIAM FARR.

75 Haverstock Hill, N.W.2.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"Y.Y." comments upon the view expressed by two eminent men that it is unfortunate that air navigation had been made practicable. A year or two ago I committed myself to the same opinion in the course of a discussion at the Working Men's College. General Maurice, who was present, then observed that the Charles Wright of a century ago was of the same opinion about railways, and he further observed that without railways the Great War could never have been waged on anything like the scale which characterised it. I at once admitted that my observation was foolish.

Is it not true that all the discoveries of science can be turned to destruction unless the human race can be improved morally and spiritually? CHAS. WRIGHT.

National Liberal Club.

WHEAT-GROWING IN BRITAIN

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"S. L. B.," in his support of wheat-growing, is so disingenuous as to be dangerous. May I plead these—to me insuperable—objections to his advocacy of grain?:

(1) Unsuitability of climate. Scarcely a year passes but at some part of the season gales and deluges lay waste the crop—oftenest, too, at Lammas-tide. Too much cloud, also—or insufficiency of sunlight—is another prevalent adverse factor.

(2) Restriction of area. The cold, wet, and hilly regions are greatest in area; Scotland (save for the Lothians and Fife), Northumbria and Wales, where wheat cannot be successfully grown.

(3) Can the cost of production in this country ever become comparable to overseas costs? That is, have the wheat-farmers to be subsidised for ever?

(4) Wheat from anywhere will serve our purpose; but not meat, milk, butter, cheese, eggs, pork and bacon from anywhere; these we prefer fresh—and home-produced. And the production of these is not hindered but helped by the average green and rainy year. Moreover, they provide a much better living for the farmer. Lastly, pigs and poultry, at least—if not sheep and cattle—can be reared almost anywhere; in the wild West and the far North as well as the sunny South and the flat East!

(5) Root crops—the mainstay of live-stock—can be grown in greater area and under more unfavourable conditions than grain.

(6) But is it not the case that even in East Anglia 70 per cent. of production is live-stock (and its products)? So that even where conditions are most congenial, wheat-growing scarcely pays.

Surely, then, we should produce what we are most able to produce successfully, and leave the uncertain wheat-growing to the Dominions, etc. L. A. MORRISON.

Queen Victoria School,
Dunblane.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL ON IRELAND

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The Attorney General, Sir Thomas Inskip, is reported in the *Times* to have addressed a Conservative meeting at Stranraer on August 4th. In the course of his speech the following passage occurs:—"Ireland and Great Britain cannot live apart. What God has joined no man can separate."

The second sentence quoted, considering the subject of the speech, appears fundamentally idiotic; yet it comes from one of Great Britain's leading lawyers, and is presumably his considered opinion.

I refrain from further comment. G. A. HINKSON.

23 Queensborough Terrace, W.2.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Scarth is evidently unacquainted with P.A.C. work or he would know that such bodies do not disallow applicants for transitional payment, and then forthwith stultify their own decisions by granting the identical persons poor law relief, thereby also burdening the local rates with a charge which could be put upon the State. The whole notion is so absurd as hardly to need refuting. Various areas where pauperism and local charges have increased have deputationed the Minister but none have alleged that the increases have arisen from the Means Test. The main causes have been the Anomalies Act, the stiffening up initiated by the Labour Government of the decisions of the Referees, and greater poverty among the uninsured.

With regard to your comments on my letter I will not trespass on space beyond saying that large bodies of the uninsured, like the N.U.R., are strongly opposed to inclusion, and secondly, that the means test applied to the "transitionals" is the test as defined by Mr. Greenwood in his circular of January 1930. He was, as Mr. Buchanan has asserted, its actual author.

127 St. James Road, Battersea, S.W. A. E. TERRETT.

[We are well aware of the opposition of part of the railwaymen to inclusion in the Unemployment Insurance Scheme. But the fact that they do not wish to be included does not prove that it is undesirable in the general interest that they should be included.

Mrs. Terrett, like Mr. Buchanan, is not stating the truth about Mr. Greenwood. The Ministry of Health Circular to which she refers (No. 1069 of January 3rd, 1930) had nothing to do with transitional unemployment cases. It was a circular issued to Boards of Guardians and related to the administration of outdoor relief.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

VANDALISM AT ST. ETHELBURGA'S

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I happened to be in Bishopsgate a day or two ago and noticed, to my amazement and disgust, that the two little Elizabethan shops on either side of the entrance to St. Ethelburga's Church had been torn down. On making inquiries I found, as I anticipated, that the authors of this outrage are the Corporation of the City of London.

This seems yet another example—there have been many in

London of recent years—of vandalism for its own sake. I passed at the busiest time of the morning and the pavement was not in the least congested. The few feet of extra space, which the destruction of the shops will eventually provide, are not worth one shilling of the ratepayers' money. I understand also that the demolition has endangered the whole façade of the Church.

It is a pity that there appears to be no Society in existence whose object it is to safeguard London's few remaining relics of the past from the savagery of those public bodies which are supposed to preserve them. Many patriotic Londoners would gladly contribute, according to their means, to a fund for this purpose. The Corporation of the City has evidently learnt nothing from the Crosby Hall scandal of 1907.

Sennen, Cornwall. DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

DISARMAMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May we ask your indulgence and the assistance of your journal in making known a series of meetings to be held from September 9th–14th. These have been arranged at the instance of Monsieur Georges Hoog, of *La Jeune République*, a prominent French peace movement, to enable a number of French and German peace workers to discuss with English people the problems of disarmament and economic reorganisation.

We feel that every effort should be made on the eve of events which may be serious for the cause of peace, and more particularly before the Disarmament Conference at Geneva reopens, to further the understanding of our respective national points of view, and to formulate a concerted programme.

A week-end conference will be held at Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City, from September 9th to 12th, and will be continued at Friends House, Euston Road, from September 12th to 14th. The arrangements include a public meeting at which speakers of international reputation will take part.

Full information can be obtained from the undersigned Conference Secretary. JOAN CREVKE
Action Internationale Democratique pour la Paix, British Committee. (Conference Secretary).
55 Gower Street, W.C.1. JOHN PLATTS-MILLS.

FACTORY GIRLS' HOLIDAYS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your kindness allows us to ask your readers to support a good work in urgent need of their help. The Factory Girls' Country Holiday Fund exists to provide at least a week's holiday in the country for the poorest girls and women employed for long hours in the hard, monotonous work of London factories.

They need a breath of fresh air, with rest in peaceful surroundings, more than most of us; and those who know them best will be first to say that they deserve it. Their letters tell us how intensely they enjoy it. They come back wonderfully invigorated and refreshed; and with a very pleasant memory of the kindness they have received and the friends they have made in their country homes.

The work will seem to cost very little, as compared with the good it does; for in 1930 £1,542 enabled the Fund to provide board and lodging for 1,030 girls and women for 1,250 weeks. It is clear that the need this year is more urgent than ever. In consequence of the widespread unemployment of fathers and brothers, with "short time" and "time off" themselves, the girls are bearing their full share of the financial burdens which most people have to shoulder at the present time. They cannot make the contribution which otherwise they are so ready to make. Unless more money comes in, the Fund may have to stop sending the girls away. We appeal to those who even in bad times can manage to get a holiday, and ask them to help these patient, cheerful workers to get what does them so much good.

Subscriptions and Donations may be sent to Mrs. Slater, Hon. Treasurer, or to Miss Canney, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

A. F. LONDIN. LILIAN BRAITHWAITE.
H. L. PAGET (B.P.). THOMAS BARLOW.
ALBERTA SANDWICH. MARGARET LOCH, Chairman.

Miscellany

MR. SHAW'S PLAY

TOO True to be Good is, I take it, one of those titles (*As You Like It* is probably another) which hint at the author's attitude towards the work in question. It has no discernible relation to the play itself, unless—the thought has just crossed my mind—Mr. Shaw intended to suggest by his title that his play was mainly about people who were too truthful to believe in current religion or to go on trying to be good. One of the subjects expounded is the predicament of those who have lost faith in any rule of life, and this may have been uppermost in his mind when he named his play. But I like to think that he was also aware that he had been so much more interested in the truths which from time to time he made his characters utter or illustrate, that he had been indifferent about the goodness of this play as a play. It had become in his hands "too true to be good." He has certainly never yet shown more complete indifference to form. For form he has never had much heed, and that is one of the main contrasts between him and Ibsen, his great predecessor among "prophetic" dramatists. Form is not a rigid thing, it is Protean, dependent on the nature of that which the artist intends to convey, but Ibsen always took immense pains to write a story which was capable of being saturated from beginning to end with his theme or themes—sometimes he had several. To achieve this is the triumph of the dramatist's art; it is one of the most difficult things to do, and so it is to create figures for the stage who shall be credible, complex and complete, and yet illustrate typical behaviour in given circumstances—convey an idea, as it is loosely called. Mr. Shaw has achieved this in the past. In some of his early plays, such as *Candida*, or in his middle period in such plays as *Man and Superman*, *Major Barbara*, *Blanco Posnet*, *Androcles and the Lion*, there is little waste material, little put in for its own sake which is not absorbed into the theme. But he has always thought art a childish pre-occupation compared with philosophy, and so there has been no check upon his shirking the difficulties of his craft: "A convincing, interesting story? Are we in the nursery, that we still require to be told a tale? Real people? Are we so stupid as not to know that *all* creation of character is in the end bounce and legerdemain? I can get across with far less effort what I want to say if I let the story go hang, while the more fantastic and improbable my thread of events is the more people will attend to what I want to teach"—some such argument with himself accounts best for the general lines of Bernard Shaw's development as a playwright. In earlier times he was possessed as a dramatist with an impulse to fly from the matter-of-fact. Fact and story hampered him; he could not be bothered with them; he wanted to hurl ideas into our heads. He did, and our heads were the clearer for them. He never could believe that anyone worth addressing cared for economy in the adjustment of means to ends, or for a compact, tightly knit whole. Did a Gaiety Theatre audience bother their heads about meeting again the comic page-boy and all the pretty chamber-maids and peccant husbands of the Imperial Hotel in Act II at Monte Carlo, as long as the fun and songs were to their taste? Of course not. Nor would his "pit of philosophers" care a rap about his legend or construction provided his ideas were stimulating. (The construction of *Man and Superman* resembles that of a musical comedy.) Thus he seems to have argued, and his marvellously apt sense of stage effect, his judgment in timing a joke or extravagant incident to relieve intellectual tension at just the right moment, his passionate sincerity, carried him again and again triumphantly through. But for all that this theory of dramatic art was wrong: it overlooked the fact that the function of art is to *embody* ideas so that they become lastingly memorable, and affect men without their even defining

them. It is not its function to provide a series of entertaining excuses for expressing a criticism of life. The latter aim is worth attaining when it is done by a man like Bernard Shaw, but it is not the thing *most* worth doing by a dramatist.

Here is a small proof of it. Here am I, an attentive playgoer, yet I can't tell you what the play I have just seen at the Malvern Festival is about. I could have told you what *Major Barbara* was about; I could have told you what *Getting Married* was about, because, though there was no story in which the theme was embodied, the characters at any rate discussed one theme—marriage; and their various slants upon that problem were most illuminating. But in *Too True to be Good* there are dozens of subjects. I have forgotten nine-tenths of the best things, because there was no focus to group them round. As I sat in the stalls I kept exclaiming to myself, "Ah, that goes deep; that's worth thinking about." But afterwards I did not know what general conclusion I, or rather Mr. Shaw, had reached. The play seemed to me a series of snapshots taken from different angles of a post-war state of mind. But it was not a picture of that state of mind. The play did not embody it. It was more like a series of notes of all the things the playwright would somehow have to work in if his picture of that state of mind were to be anything like complete.

I can, however, report what Mr. Shaw intended the play to be about, because while we critics were being carried, as the guests of Sir Barry Jackson, to the scene of action in a sumptuous aeroplane, a printed letter from Mr. Shaw was distributed among us.

Now I have criticised his plays again and again, and in doing so I have always obtained valuable clues from his own criticism of them. Sometimes his prefaces have enabled me to see defects I should not otherwise have noticed. "The moral of my play," he wrote in this printed letter, "or rather the position illustrated by it, is simple enough." (I must condense.) The last war differed from all others in bringing home to people that war means slaughter and barbarity. "When terror had gone to its limit, subsequent indulgence for everything, from the pitch and toss of a night at *The Byng Boys* to the manslaughter of a correspondent, obeyed the law that action and reaction are equal. And so, for four years, it was taken as a matter of course that young people, when they were not under fire, must be allowed a good time.

"Now I do not at all object to young people having a good time. I think they should have a good time all the time, at peace as well as in war. I think that their having a good time is one of the tests of civilisation. But I very strenuously warn both young and old against the monstrous folly of supposing that a good time has any resemblance to those wartime reactions after paroxysms of horror and terror, when the most childish indulgence seemed heavenly and the most reckless excesses excusable on the plea of 'Let us eat and drink (especially drink); for to-morrow we die.' Our difficulty now is that what the bright young things after the war tried to do, and what their wretched survivors are still trying to do, is to get the reaction without the terror, to go on eating cocaine and drinking cocktails as if they had only a few hours' expectation of life instead of forty years.

"In my play the ex-war nurse and the ex-airman ace persuade a respectable young lady—too respectable to have ever had a good time—to come with them and enjoy the sort of good time they had in the nightmare of 1914-18. My stage picture of the result of the experiment will, I hope, deter any respectable young lady who witnesses it from relieving the tedium and worthlessness of idle gentility in that way."

But, Mr. Shaw, it won't and can't, your play, do anything of the kind. You have not drawn a picture of a post-war "good time." All you have shown to respectable young ladies is one of their class getting so well and strong among the mountains that her own mother does not recognise her and adopts her. You have made her fall passionately in love with a burglar who enters her bedroom in the first act, and elope with him to wild places, and then declare, "Strange as it may seem, our relations are perfectly innocent." What are you thinking of? Where is the analogy in all this to the nightmare dissipation you want to warn the young against? True, you make her exclaim, "I'm free and well, but I'm bored because I have no aim in life," but any pre-war young woman might say that at moments. Where is your theme? And, à propos of your theme, what is the connection between it and the first act? The first act is farcical Christian Science; it suggests that the proper way to cure measles is to jump out of bed, put on your clothes, and run into the night. Granted that is true, which it is not, what has it to do with post-war mentality? And what warning is there in the spectacle of the ex-nurse who, having always acted on the supposition that the first ten days of an affair were the pleasantest, and continually changed her lovers, has kept her self-respect intact, and when "Mr. Right" comes along, in the shape of a Bunyan-Bible-reading sergeant, settles down into a steady wife? What is Mr. Shaw thinking about? Evidently not of his theme, not what he intended to write about. Fortunately, I only glanced at his account of his aims before I had seen the play itself, so I was able to enjoy it thoroughly as a miscellany of illuminating comments upon war, peace, sex, and religion, distributed among puppets who were amusing without being real, and in nearly all cases admirably interpreted. The elocution of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke was admirable; he had not much acting to do. The passionate speech of the religious atheist who finds himself in an undetermined Universe with all the old certainties obliterated, was well worth listening to, and spoken with excellent intensity by Mr. Ayliff, haranguing us like an old St. Jerome from his cave. The finish of the impossible nurse's performance (Miss Ellen Pollock) was admirable; she had opportunities for acting and took them. The nurse is the mouthpiece of observations spoken from "the lower centres of man," and many of these are memorable and pointful, so also are the comments of the Bible-loving sergeant on war, religion, and the City of Destruction. The final speech, that of the Burglar (Mr. Cedric Hardwicke) was an astonishing and moving feat.

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

AIR RAID

TWO new books by Mr. Wyndham Lewis* go up like rockets in the night of the August publishing season. We are back among the air raids. The enemy drones overhead, diabolically near and invisible, while searchlights scamper over the clouds; you daren't look back for fear of the bomb that is dropping on a crowded tube-way behind you. In the overheated comedy of this gala war-night, as the crowds hurry by in the darkness or converge recklessly in cellars (you see a familiar face peeping out from a blanket under the dining-room table—even the cats have taken to the shrubbery) it seems as though the whole modern city has plunged back in alarm to the Rome of the first act of *Julius Caesar*, with forked lightning in the streets and a lion roaring at the Capitol. Yet somehow you escape unscathed—except for loss of sleep and the nightmare memory—and reading about it in the papers the next morning you find the damage has been small, and business is going on as usual. Mr. Lewis's periodical bombing raids on the public leave much the same impression on a harassed reader—for some weeks after he cocks a wary eye skywards, jumps whenever a car backfires, and only gradually recovers his nerve for the next raid. When he has finished reading *The Doom of Youth* (*Filibusters in Barbary* is merely a

* *The Doom of Youth*. By Wyndham Lewis. Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d. *Filibusters in Barbary*. By Wyndham Lewis. Grayson and Grayson. 12s. 6d.

frontier raid), he feels, "Well, I needn't have been so afraid after all; for all his din he only managed to knock a bit off my chimney, though I daresay they got it badly in the next street."

In spite of its detonation, the palpable hits recorded by the author, *Doom of Youth* seems often to miss the mark. True, it is not probably one of his books which Mr. Lewis regards as important; it is, rather, a critical side-attack on the public between the onslaughts of *The Apes of God* and the completion (one hopes) of *The Childermass*. But Mr. Lewis's faith in the infallibility of his method as a social critic is at times disconcerting. He writes, he tells us more than once in this book, "from the standpoint of genius"—very well, he has produced work which justifies the assumption; but then he goes on to say: "This is a standard book on its subject" and "I claim for this book, upon an equal footing, the same title to be 'scientific' as any branch whatever of biology or chemistry." The social criticism of such an expert, that is, must be infallible. But *The Doom of Youth* is, in fact, not a record or docketing of things which once ascertained are fixed, but very largely a judgment of values. Elsewhere he refers to his criticism as a technical system built up from experience. Why does Mr. Lewis go to all this trouble to give the impression that he is *recording facts?* The only answer can be that, as a satirist, he feels the need of first creating his own world and convincing himself it is the real one, before he can sit down to make fiction out of it. *The Doom of Youth* and, to a less extent, *Filibusters in Barbary* are the case-books, the raw material, the "solid" background from which his novels emerge.

He reminds one at times very forcibly of Shaw. In the first few pages of *The Doom of Youth* he gives this picture of an Oxford wine merchant addressing the "youth of nineteen"—new style:

> "A bottle of port?" (he would be careful not to say "sir" lest it might wake the reflex responding to *seniority* rather than of social eminence: also, one cannot say "sir" to a kid). "A bottle of *port*? What next—a bottle of *milk* is what an infant like you should be requiring—it is the *dairy* you want, not the *wineshop*, my little lad!" Having paused to allow the pleased giggle of the "youth of nineteen" to escape and spend itself upon the academic air, he would return to the charge. He would exclaim: "What would your mother say if she could see you asking for port, I should like to know? Still, I daresay it is for somebody a little *older* than you are, my little suckling. A bit of hospitality, what! In that case I shouldn't like anyone to say that I had taken advantage of a baby-in-arms and sold the poor kid an indifferent wine. So it's up to me, I suppose! I couldn't sell *an old hardened connoisseur like yourself*" (heaviest sarcasm and great sneers of infinite seniority) "anything but this wine—and when I say it is 150 shillings a bottle, it is only that *for you*," etc.

Thus, he says, the up-to-date "shrewd" wine-merchant would administer his flattery. Would he indeed! Is not this another example of the vaunted Shavian common sense, the tables turned on life under the guise of exposing it, the rap over the knuckles administered by the schoolmaster giving us *his* "slice of life"? Shaw's "average man," Lewis's "man of genius" are much the same person. Both possess an unusual amount of common sense which makes them feel invincibly immune against shams, and a perverse delight in giving it the fantastic twist. There are important differences between them, of course: Shaw is primarily a dialectician, Wyndham Lewis primarily an artist: times have changed, and while Shaw regarded it as a duty to kick people into their right place in society, Lewis kicks them out of theirs. But each fills the role of traditional enemy, the public prosecutor of the ordinary man "having his bit of fun," "keeping the flag flying" in the good wind of popular sentiment. The attack on sentiment—especially sentiment about sex—is central for both.

The weakness behind much satire is the existence in the mind of the artist of some never-never land where satire could not exist. Shaw's plays are least effective when his propaganda detaches itself and leads the way to some Fabian or Lamarckian Utopia. His best prefaces contain the arguments which he was wise enough not to put into the play: indeed, they are separate performances. Mr. Wyndham Lewis is a satirist all the time. *His* prefaces—the in-between books like *Doom of Youth*—are already half-way to satire, under the guise of argument, "scientific" detachment, and so on. The snapshot of the up-to-date wine-merchant—i.e., the sort of wine-merchant (non-existent) who might come into a later volume of *The Childermass*—is typical. The class wars, sex wars, youth-and-age wars of which *The Doom of Youth* professes to be an official report began in life but have ended in the imagination of their author. Mr. Lewis produces a lot of newspaper clippings to show that there is a terrific campaign going on in the press to exploit youth: politics now are youth-politics (Hitlerism and Communism), popular art is adolescent, this is the age when everyone is "young" and shows promise but no achievement. Now, there is a great deal of truth in this; but it is not all part of an organised movement as Mr. Lewis believes. Newspapers print nonsense about Youth, but they also print nonsense about almost everything else. Mr. Lewis also takes it as axiomatic that the popular press and best-selling fiction, like the camera, cannot lie: does he really believe that? Is it not rather that in the violent distortion of public sentiment represented in (and perhaps to some extent induced by) novels and newspapers he finds the best material for satire?

One reads these two books by Mr. Lewis for their radio-active energy. In a sense he cannot write badly when he writes at full power—and many passages here as in all his books must stagger and delight the reader. Even *Filibusters in Barbary*, which is a vivid and more or less objective record of a summer spent in Morocco, impresses more by the lurking presence of its author than by pictures of the country. We remember, not the Berbers or the colonial policies of French and English, but the film-star in Marrakech, the pseudo-sheik brooding over his little spotlit tribe in the cafés, and the blowsy syren who ruled the high table in the boat going over. Mr. Lewis takes his own world about with him.

G. W. STONIER.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Congorilla" at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

MR. AND MRS. MARTIN JOHNSON'S sound film of their latest travels in Africa provides some good entertainment. Close-range pictures of wild animals are no longer a thrilling novelty to most audiences, but the scenes of native life, and particularly those of the forest pigmies, are given a new interest with the assistance of sound-recording apparatus. Instead of the pseudo-primitive music accompaniment formerly supplied by the studio for such films, we are given the actual speech, singing and drum-rhythms of the natives, and the step thus made towards life-likeness is considerable.

Fortunately no attempt has been made to garnish the narrative by the introduction of a dramatic interest, and the authors have been content to join together some pieces of interesting photography—a herd of elephants moving through the bush, a lake covered with thousands of flamingoes, a fight between two gorillas, crocodiles taking to the water, a herd of hippos dozing and yawning in the river.

Mr. Johnson's commentary on these scenes is for the most part relevant and sometimes amusing, and on the whole, though not always, he avoids facetiousness.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Promenade Concert, Queen's Hall, nightly, 8.

Friday, August 12th—
Ernest Newman on "Music," B.B.C., 7.10.

Sunday, August 14th—
Revival of "Westfront 1918" and "Drifters," Academy Cinema.

Monday, August 15th—
Desmond MacCarthy on "New Books," B.B.C., 6.50.

Tuesday, August 16th—
"Behold We Live," St. James's.

Wednesday, August 17th—
Cedric Belfrage on "The Cinema," B.B.C., 6.50.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

DR. EMIL LUDWIG, in the long and honourable line of German letters, is a most regrettable incident. The Teutonic genius, having no gambol faculties, is ill adapted to those more vivid forms of irony which, in the hands of Lytton Strachey or André Maurois, have given elasticity to the biographer's profession. Yet the insufferable Dr. Ludwig has convinced his compatriots that they also can cut capers with history, and the result is as incongruous as the presence of an Archdeacon in the Embassy Club. I have been driven to this burst of indignation by reading Dr. Emil Lengyel's biography of Adolf Hitler (Routledge : 7s. 6d.). I should wish to be able to praise this book without reservations : it is intelligent, informative and opportune : yet the glib and puggy-handed figure of Dr. Ludwig interposes between myself and my appreciation. I read, on page 41, as follows :

> On the 6th of April, 1919, the lilac bushes along the River Isar were in bloom and the night was balmy. In the Hofgarten, thrown open to the public, a brass-band played "Orpheus in der Unterwelt."
>
> While young men wove their dreams into patterns with the dreams of young women, great events portending history. . . .

I much dislike that sort of writing : it undermines my conviction and it alters the key of my interest : yet, apart from this error in tone, the book of Dr. Lengyel is a book for which I have been waiting for months. It is the first sensible account which I have as yet discovered of the rise of the Nazis and the personality of Adolf Hitler.

* * *

There are five main demands which the British reader will make of any monograph on the subject of Hitler. In the first place we require an accurate and readable account of his origins, parentage, upbringing and early struggles. In the second place we look for a considered analysis of his political convictions, their inception and their metamorphosis. In the third place we hope to acquire some insight into the military and propagandist organisation of the Nazis, and into Hitler's own relations with his subordinates and those political leaders with whom, at various stages, he has been affiliated. But, above all, we ask for some satisfactory reply to two insistent questions. "Is Hitler a charlatan?" "If so, how comes it that he has imposed himself upon what we in this country regard as the most stolid of all electorates?" Dr. Lengyel answers all these questions with acute lucidity. No person interested in post-inflation Germany can afford to miss this book. Even to those who have no very constant interest in foreign politics it will prove a stimulating narrative and an incisive study of that type of mind which is to-day supplanting the post-war mentality. Subject to the reservation in my first paragraph, I recommend this book as an illuminating study of a complex phenomenon.

* * *

Adolf Hitler, when confined in the fortress of Landsberg, wrote his autobiography and published it under the title of *My Struggle*. Seldom have I read a more contorted or less revelatory book. Dr. Lengyel supplies the gaps in the story. In *Mein Kampf* Adolf Hitler endeavoured to convey the impression that while at Vienna he had achieved a position akin to that of Sir Edwin Lutyens *jeune*. Dr. Lengyel discloses that he was, in fact, a builder's lad. This point is of small significance; yet it is strange to realise that Hitler in 1924 was ashamed of his working-class origin, even as he was ashamed to confess that his mother was not a blond Teuton, but a Czech. Dr. Lengyel also draws attention to the mystery which surrounds Hitler's evasion of Austrian military service, as also to the equivocal position which he occupied after the war when "Intelligence agent" in Schützregiment 41 at Munich. He adds little, it is true, to Hitler's own description of the origins of the "German Labour Party," yet his account of the November putsch, of the relations between Hitler and Ludendorff, of the High Treason Trial, of the Landsberg incarceration, and of the gradual recovery of Hitler from his "death" in 1924, are all more authoritative and intelligent than those which the protagonist himself has vouchsafed. Particularly original and instructive is Dr. Lengyel's analysis of the American boom of 1928–1930, and his suggestion that it was the retreat of Wall Street which was the signal for the second Hitler advance. The chapters on the Nazi programme, upon the nature of their financial resources, upon the organisation and maintenance of the Hitler army, and upon the performances of the Nazi deputies in the Reichstag and when in office in Thuringia, are, although intensely amusing, a really serious contribution to our knowledge. And his examination of the various Jugendbewegungen, of the interaction of these youth movements as between the Nazis and the rising generation, provides information and offers suggestions which I have never before encountered in so convenient and enlightening a form.

* * *

To Dr. Lengyel Adolf Hitler is little more than a popular agitator, than a magnetic demagogue, than a man who "knew the ingredients with which synthetic public opinion could be compounded." Dr. Lengyel admits his courage, his determination, and his personal honesty. To his powers as an orator he pays a vivid tribute :

> The sounds issue from his lips in ripples that rise and fall. Even the neutral observer realises that those sounds regulate the heart-beating of the crowd. He feels that if the words did not come from the speaker's mouth, life would stop all around.
>
> Charwomen and university professors, primitive savages and highly refined intellectuals, hang upon his words. Many of them are more intelligent and better educated, more sincere and more broad-minded, than their leader. Some of them even know that he preaches either madness or platitudes and that he draws upon the half-digested knowledge of others. Yet he has the power of transmitting his madness and fury to millions who have lost hope. He has an over-supply of personal magnetism and it is a potent force.

Nor is it merely by platform histrionics that Hitler can sway the masses of his countrymen. No man has ever been so *deliberate* a demagogue. The pages of *Mein Kampf* abound with maxims addressed to the demagogic technician. He urges that meetings should be held in the evenings since the herd is at that time more receptive of emotion. He recommends the "ruthless and fanatically one-sided representation of the case." "Hatred," he writes, "is more durable than antipathy and the generating power of great changes is not so much insight as hysteria." To the uses of such hysteria Adolf Hitler devotes all the appeals of the old revivalists plus all the arts of American salesmanship. How comes it that such charlatanism can impose upon a great and serious nation ?

Dr. Lengyel replies to this question by contending that the German character is changing. There is a loss of the old categorical imperative, of the old "principle." There is the emergence of a new and hectic form of individualism. There is the emergence of a new and fatalistic form of Teutonic mysticism. And above all there is the constant background of despair. "Hitler," says Dr. Lengyel, "has no real greatness . . ." "The majority," he says again, "of Hitler's followers are men and women who have lost their spiritual anchorage. . . . They feel that they are in a trap from which there is no escape . . . A Messiah must come, even if he be the Messiah of Absurdity." To the middle classes, who see themselves dropping to the status of a proletariat, he represents the last of many stranded hopes. To the younger generation, who never knew the Somme or Verdun, he represents excitement, vigour, opportunity. "Into the lives of German youth the Middle Ages have returned." Yet Dr. Lengyel is not wholly pessimistic. "Let sanity," he concludes, "return, let Germany see that the end of the world has not yet come, and Hitler will be a national god on half-pension."

HAROLD NICOLSON.

WHY WE SHOW TEETH

The Secret of Laughter. By A. M. LUDOVICI. Constable. 5s.

Mr. Ludovici will perhaps be remembered by posterity as the man who wrote an acrimonious book on laughter. It would be easy to make fun of his polemical style, to lift an ironical eyebrow at the angry contempt with which he treats some other writers on the subject, and to describe his dark suspicions of a sinister element in laughter as "humourless." But to do that would be going a long way towards conceding him his point, which is that humour, in the modern world, is too often a cowardly device to avoid facing any serious issue. It will be a pity if Mr. Ludovici's readers allow themselves to be so far irritated by his manners as to pay scant attention to his argument, which, indeed, in spite of some ingenuous over-statements, is both interesting and important. His evident persuasion that to him alone has the whole truth of this matter been revealed does not invalidate his claim to be taken seriously. And he is, *au fond*, more modest than appears on the surface; he confesses himself an ardent disciple of Hobbes, and claims that his theory of laughter is little more than a clarification and amplification of what is implicit in the doctrine of his master. The exposition of this theory is preceded by a valuable summary of those of other philosophers, both ancient and modern; and the book is admirably annotated and indexed.

A man who has only one glove in a company of people all of whom have their complement of gloves, a man who is left on the pavement in the rain to wait for the next omnibus, and a man who loses his hat in the wind while those about him do not: these, says Mr. Ludovici, are in a position of "inferior adaptation"; while the lucky people, in these instances, enjoy "superior adaptation," as the term is used in his book. Laughter, then, proceeds from a sense of (real, or self-protectively assumed) superior adaptation; it is, in Hobbes's phrase, a sign of "self-glory." This definition emerges triumphant from every test to which its author subjects it; and one reader, at least, has found it impossible to invent an example of laughter to which it does not apply. The laugh of pure joy would seem, at first blush, to be an exception, since the word "superior" implies a comparison, and pure joy can be experienced at no one's expense; but it may be argued that even here there is an instant's "unconscious" comparison between one's present and one's former state, the joy being a peak to which one has been suddenly lifted. No other example presents more than a moment's difficulty. When we laugh at a joke against ourselves, we laugh either (*a*) self-defensively, and/or (*b*) hypocritically, (*c*) with a tincture of self-applause at our capacity to do so, (*d*) at a self which we do not, at the moment of laughing, identify with our true self. These alternatives are not set out by Mr. Ludovici; but, unless I misread him, they will have his hearty assent.

So far the author's position would appear to be impregnable: which is to say that his thesis, as a whole, can hardly be refuted. When he tackles the further question, of why superior adaptation should (sometimes) be registered by the facial contortion of laughter, he strays, admittedly, into fields of fancy and conjecture. But even here it is amusing to accompany him. Darwin observed that in laughter "the upper teeth are commonly exposed." And though we humans may be the only animals that laugh, we are by no means, says Mr. Ludovici, the only animals that have occasion to show teeth. And, if we are convinced evolutionists, we shall believe that "there must be some origin and parallel in the animal kingdom to our own laughter, and more particularly to the facial expression of showing teeth." Our author plausibly argues that, in a cat or a dog, to display teeth, by virtue of the threat that it implies, is to make a claim of superior adaptation; and he adds: "Is it not likely that, with the increasing use of weapons, accessory arms—spears, arrows, bludgeons, tomahawks, etc.—the showing of teeth (like the use of them in fighting), while retaining its instinctive association, the expression of superior adaptation, should have become volatilised, spiritualised, and been transferred to all those manifold and complex situations in society in which gregarious animals either find or feel themselves superiorly adapted, or merely lay a false claim to such a position by means of bluff?" In this fancy he has been partly anticipated by a Danish writer, Johannes Jensen, in that passage in *The Long Journey* where Carl, the wanderer, sees a woman in the distance, and pursues her, hungry for food:

> Then he saw that it was a woman. She lay on her knees with her face in the sand, awaiting her doom. She made no sound when Carl touched her; he turned her over, and their eyes met. All thought of murder died within him. She should surely live.
>
> But he showed his teeth in a last vindictive feeling of what she had cost him in toil and longing.
>
> Terror at being in his power faded at once from her eyes when she saw that she was to live, and she too bared all her teeth at his as though to bite—but neither of them bit. And that was the first smile.

Mr. Ludovici fears that we shall think that he has "unduly accentuated *la partie honteuse* of laughter and humour." And it is true that there is something more savage than scientific in the relish with which he unmasks this latter-day deity. But he recognises, apparently, that neither laughter nor any other good thing needs to be ashamed of humble or even sinister origins. By their fruits, not by their roots, shall ye know them.

GERALD BULLETT.

NEW NOVELS

The Georgian House. By FRANK SWINNERTON. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Loads of Love. By ANNE PARRISH. Benn. 7s. 6d.

Forever and Ever. By WARREN SPENCER. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

The Captain's Table. By SISLEY HUDDLESTON. Harrap. 8s. 6d.

Big Business. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.

Economy Must be Our Watchword. By JOYCE DENNYS. Putnam. 5s.

Mr. Swinnerton's new novel is most welcome evidence that there is plenty of life in the old method of fiction when used by someone who is master of his craft. Too much of the recent return by certain popular novelists to the old-fashioned, three-decker story has consisted in little else but a dreary slowness of pace, an interminable indulgence in commentary and irrelevant observation, and an obstinate conviction that to be like the old masters your picture need only have sufficient of cracks and cheap varnish. Mr. Swinnerton's *The Georgian House* might really be compared with a novel by Dickens, or for that matter with a novel of Balzac's, not because Mr. Swinnerton has eagerly masked feeble technique by obsequious imitation of old masters' faults, but because he is an author who can make tragedy, melodrama, and coincidence the vehicles of a rich, natural, normal life. His book is not exceptionally long, but it is exceptionally thrilling, exceptionally endowed with careful, living characterisation; and it has an honesty of purpose, a directness of intention that are rare in serious fiction of this quality. Mr. Swinnerton never fumbles with his people. Philip Spears, Rose Davitt, Leonard Holpen, Ruth Coulevain have evidently been studied by him long before the story opens, and as it develops they are drawn, with no parade and no pretension, to show us themselves in a way that makes the startlingly conventional story of wicked lawyer, designing woman, missing will and the heir with a mystery, fully as lifelike as any of the drab little inventions that lose verisimilitude in their efforts to be accurately imitative. The four chief characters named are supported by minor figures composed with equal care to move against the provincial background of Sandersfold.

In his opening pages describing the grim, ambiguous Starling's old home the right note is struck, and is held without any strain as we meet Leonard and Ruth—Leonard, the dead Starling's lawyer, Ruth his strange, too self-controlled housekeeper. Vile as these people are, Mr. Swinnerton keeps them human and even pitiable; and in their subsequent conflict, hardly at first understood, with Philip Spears, the heir, the melodrama is played with modern lighting. The shadows are natural, and the violence that of truth, not of mere occasion. Equally masterly is the portrayal of the Davitt household, and the emergence, for us and for Philip, of Rose from the family atmosphere. There is perhaps a needless concession to modern fashion in the means by which Ruth traps Philip into marriage; but nowhere else does Mr. Swinnerton desert his own restrained manner, never so effective as when he shows how the crimes of the world, blackmail, cheating and murder, are the work of ordinary people. There is humour in the book, and pleasant satire; here again Mr. Swinnerton's generous abundance makes *The Georgian House* a novel of rare and generous achievement.

Bessie Plummer always ended her letters with "loads of love"—hence Miss Parrish's title, which should have quotation

marks. Bessie is a girl whom Mr. Tarkington might invent and Miss Ruth Draper portray. Generous, clumsy, unrefined, warm-hearted, insensitive, with too much money and too little sense, she blunders in and out of her friends' lives, a riot of breakages and benefits. No European author would dare present such a caricature as true to life; but we must accept Miss Parrish's evident conviction that Bessie could be received by, and be allowed to befriend the quiet, pleasant gentlepeople who are the victims of her vehement and exuberant generosity. The story of the book is unimportant: it is as a study in American manners that *Loads of Love* must be taken—as this it comes somewhere between *Babbitt* and *The Plutocrat*. Miss Parrish has the same desire as that which animates Mr. Tarkington, to show how genuinely kind the vulgarian may be, how narrow the peaked and peevish hostility of the high-brow and the high-bred. It is odd that so obvious a truth should need so much emphasising as it gets in this lively, well-written little story. When Bessie has blundered and bellowed to the last chapter, we are still left wondering why it should be impossible for this kind of American to be taught good manners. Mr. Spencer, too, is an American, and this, his first novel, is highly praised by Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Alec Waugh. It is possible to see why *Forever and Ever* has merits; but it is difficult to see how they would appeal to Mr. Waugh's deft, unidealistic mind or Mr. Dreiser's heavy, dogmatic anarchism. Mr. Spencer's novel is a desperate effort to teach his fellow countrymen the truth about marriage: desperate because the most rigid of traditionalists would allow the unfortunate Jimmy Norton to be separated from Constance, a wife mad with unreasonable jealousy. This is a callow, sincere little story about a very callow young man who, after many degrading frivolous affairs, marries a woman whom he scarcely knows. Nor does she know him; but she knew a great deal about him, uses this knowledge to blind herself to his true character, patient, affectionate, trustworthy, hard working. They have frequent and violent scenes, followed by violent reconciliations. He struggles with poverty, and gets rich—by luck. There is a child: more scenes, and then a final row when Constance beats her husband, indulging in a tirade of most devastating scurrility. Then she leaves.

> But oh, the physical urge he had for her, the spiritual need he had of her. This idolatrous worship of her that had caused the ruins of their lives to crash down about them. And he had brought it all on himself. He had known the inevitable end from the very beginning. Yet, knowing all this, his soul still cried for her. No, he could not find it in his heart to blame her. Now she was gone, never to return. Yet how the thought of her haunted him! What a hold she had on him! And he knew that, come what might, this would be so—forever and ever.

Mr. Huddleston's book is an account of a few passengers on a transatlantic liner. The narrator, Peter Vernon, will be no stranger to admirers of Mr. Huddleston's work, and Peter Vernon has many shrewd and entertaining things to tell us of his companions on the voyage. There are stories too, and mild love-affairs, and portraits of bores and of bounders. We end with two funny books, of which Miss Dennys' is one of the most laughable, rollicking, refreshing farces published for a long time, and Mr. Hutchinson's one of the saddest, dampest, most despairingly ill-constructed fireworks that have ever fizzled slowly round and round, pushed vainly by taper after lighted taper. No one could follow the absurd story of Boy Bond, and Sebastian Pringle, and Saxon and Norman Springe, with its tangled plot of impersonation, its heavy satire at solicitors, its dreadful facetiousness. No one could help laughing at the gay silliness, the frank and fearless idiocy for Miss Dennys' Lady Macassar; here is a lady whom Mr. Leacock must be sorry he did not discover. Here is a book Mr. Leacock would have been proud to write.

SHELL

for a quarter of a century has had the same good name

DRYDEN AS DRAMATIST

The Dramatic Works of John Dryden. Edited by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. Six volumes. The Nonesuch Press. £7 17s. 6d.

It is exactly fifty years since the publication of the last complete edition of the plays of John Dryden, and that was in itself a revision, by Dr. Saintsbury, of Scott's edition issued three-quarters of a century before. Two editions in 175 years of the plays of one of the leading figures in English literature would seem to show either that his position has been over-estimated or that his public has been maligned by the publishers; the latter hypothesis, while possible, is highly unlikely, and this latest addition by the Nonesuch Press to their authoritative re-issues of Restoration dramatists affords an opportunity for reconsidering Dryden's once unrivalled reputation as a dramatist. As Johnson judiciously wrote:—

> Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was often poignant and often just; but with such a degree of reputation as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the public.

Since those words were penned, Dryden the playwright, as distinct from Dryden the poet and critic, has suffered a long period of neglect, while many of his rivals have been whelmed in an obscurity in which even their names are but dimly legible. Perhaps the only advantage of such a period is that the critic is not compelled either to conform to or to oppose a set and continuous critical tradition; and conditions now are favourable to an attempt to reach an even more "final determination" than that alluded to by Johnson.

In the first place, Dryden was a representative of his age rather than a reformer; he was moulded by the taste of his time, a process intensified by his emphasis on the pleasure-giving as against the informative purpose of poetry and the drama, far more than he moulded it. He wrote in order to delight his audience, and he therefore wrote what he knew would delight it, and, as Dr. Garnett has said, did best what all desired to be done. This subservience to the taste of his age was recognised and defended by the dramatist himself in the spirited epilogue to *The Conquest of Granada*:—

> They, who have best succeeded on the Stage,
> Have still conform'd their genius to their Age . . .
> If Love and Honour now are higher rais'd,
> 'Tis not the Poet, but the Age is prais'd.

From that point Dryden goes on to argue that either he falls short of his audience, or else his writing is not worse than that of his predecessors—an ingenious but hardly convincing distortion of the facts to suit his theory. While, therefore, it is possible to appreciate Shakespeare with little knowledge of the reign of Elizabeth or of the prevailing literary fashions of the time, the reader of Dryden's plays will find it hard to like or even to tolerate them unless he has a considerable sympathy for, and understanding of, the outlook of the Restoration era. This fact alone is sufficient to explain more than a century of neglect, for few reigns can have been more alien to the temper of Dryden and his contemporaries than that of Victoria, an estrangement of spirit which is illustrated by Dr. Saintsbury's reference (fifty years ago) to the editing of the dramas as a "troublesome and thankless task" and by the extreme prudishness which made him declare that the lyrics from the plays are "scarcely ever wholly

quotable." To-day, at least in this respect, we are at less of a disadvantage, and one obstacle to the renewal of Dryden's theatrical popularity has been largely removed. Yet is it really possible to deny that the dramatic reputation he achieved in his life-time was grossly exaggerated?

It is unfortunate that the indiscriminate enthusiasm of Mr. Summers does not allow him to assist us in answering that question. It is difficult to believe that he is serious when he writes of *The Wild Gallant* that "I am puzzled to account for the failure of this comedy, which certainly amused the King and found a patroness in Lady Castlemaine," of *The Kind Keeper* that it is "a comedy which of its kind must be placed in the foremost rank," and declares, "that Dryden's *Troilus and Cressida* is a better play than Shakespeare's original is not open to question." Such praise of the admittedly inferior dramas cannot but make us distrust Mr. Summers' assessment of those which have been claimed as masterpieces; he seems to ignore Dryden's admission that he only wrote one play to please himself, an admission which allows Mr. Summers to justify his laudations only on the assumption that the taste of those, to please whom Dryden wrote his other twenty-seven dramas, represented the utmost height of dramatic appreciation. He ignores also the more direct confession in the prologue of *An Evening's Love*:—

> When first our Poet set himself to write,
> Like a young Bridegroom on his Wedding-night
> He laid about him, and did so bestir him,
> His Muse could never lye in quiet for him:
> But now his Honey-moon is gone and past,
> Yet the ungrateful drudgery must last.

Without going so far as Dr. Garnett, who asserted that Dryden had few natural qualifications and little ambition to excel on the stage, it must in fact be admitted that his talents were not best employed in writing plays. It is not, of course, fair criticism to deny that, because he did one thing better, he did another well, or to condemn his plays because of the excellence of his poems. Dryden himself, however, was, within limits, far from blind to his own defects, and in the preface to *Secret Love* he discusses whether an author can correctly appraise his own work. With his customarily sound critical perception, he comes to the conclusion that "all Writers, of what kind soever, may infallibly judge of the frame and contexture of their Works," and proceeds: "But for the ornament of Writing, which is greater, more various and bizarre in Poesie than in any other kind, as it is properly the Child of Fancy; so it can receive no measure, or at least but a very imperfect one of its own excellencies or failures from the judgment. Self-love (which enters but rarely into the offices of the judgment) here predominates."

This is, indeed, the crux of the whole matter. Throughout the twenty-eight plays, the diction is usually brilliant, the dialogue unforced, the plot ingeniously contrived, the mechanism smooth—the "frame and contexture," in fact, with few exceptions, are what might be expected from such a perspicacious critic as Dryden. It is where his self-criticism ends that his defects begin, and not even the most impressive technique in construction can compensate for an almost complete failure to create character. It may here be remarked that in Dryden's dramatic works the prefaces are as inseparable from the plays as they are in those of Shaw, though the value of Dryden's lies rather in the light they shed on style, of Shaw's for their amplification of the content; they are, however, vital to the point at issue. In the preface to one of his best plays, *Don Sebastian*, Dryden writes:

> I must declare freely that I have not exactly kept to the three Mechanick rules of unity: I knew them and had them in my eye, but follow'd them only at a distance; for the Genius of the English cannot bear too regular a Play; we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of Pleasure.

And again, in the dedication of *Love Triumphant*, challenging a too strict insistence on the so-called "Unity of Place," he says:

> Yet even this [i.e., the non-observance of the rule], is a fault which I should often practice, if I were to write again; because 'tis agreeable to the English Genius. We love variety more than any other nation.

In these passages Dryden shows himself half-aware that poetry and a skilled dramatic technique do not together make a play; but he does not see, or at least does not put it into practice, that the task of drama is not only to make characters move in an ingenious pattern and speak beautiful verse, but the creation of character itself. Even in the best of the plays, he never escapes from the fallacy "that an heroic play ought to be an imitation, in little, of an heroic poem."

Granted that definition, Dryden's plays are valuable as having pushed to an extreme one experiment in English drama, that of dramatising the epic, and for having proved that both epic and drama lose by the alliance. Hence we reach the seeming paradox that while the chief value of the plays for the modern reader lies in their poetry, they are either dead or moribund when divorced from the stage, in spite of their verse form. The paradox is explained by the fact that a competent actor or actress can infuse some individuality even into a character which comes on the stage ready-made and labelled, while the poetry loses nothing by being well spoken aloud. How great is the poetic effect often achieved may be judged by many oft-quoted lines from *The Conquest of Granada*, many passages in *All For Love* and *Don Sebastian*, and such lines as those to which Mr. Summers draws attention at the end of the first act of *Marriage A-La-Mode*. Some of Dryden's finest poetry is contained in the plays, as, for instance, the famous lines beginning, "When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat," in *Aurungzebe*, while many of the lyrics are perfect of their somewhat pretty trivial kind.

The result of the apparent paradox would therefore seem to be that many of Dryden's plays will continue to be read for their intermittent poetry, and that some few, more especially, perhaps, the comedies, may one day regain their popularity on the stage; but that, as a whole, his dramatic works will never receive the almost universal acclamation which once greeted them, and which Mr. Summers would apparently like to see accorded to them. The Nonesuch Press has done much to rescue Restoration drama from an unjust obscurity, and the work would have been ludicrously incomplete without the inclusion of Dryden. It is, therefore, all the more to be regretted that Mr. Summers has seen fit to indulge in some ungenerous sneers at his predecessors in the field, especially as it might not be difficult to discover certain inaccuracies and omissions in his own work. That task, however, may be safely left to the scholar and the research student for whom these volumes are primarily designed and who will find their completeness invaluable. A note on its source and theatrical history precedes each play, and all the prefaces, dedications, prologues and epilogues are included, while at the end of each volume there are textual and explanatory notes. Mr. Summers' introduction tends to get swamped in a mass of text-book detail; but the general reader will find this edition a delight to read and to handle.

BRIAN ROBERTS.

INDIA ONCE MORE

A Letter from India. By EDWARD THOMPSON. Faber. 5s.
India: A Foreign View. By ANDRÉ PHILIP. Sidgwick and Jackson. 10s. 6d.

Dr. Edward Thompson has followed up his valuable book on *The Reconstruction of India* with this new *Letter*—a sharp, sane, and urgent statement of the issues as they stand in the present year of anger and distress. As a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, Dr. Thompson arrived in Bombay a few days after Mr. Gandhi was arrested. He visited all the disturbed provinces, and in every centre of trouble took pains to meet the leading representatives of every side. He understands entirely the present repressive policy, sees that Lord Willingdon is strongly supported by the European community, and realises the weight of Army and other opinion against the Irwin policy and method. Nevertheless, he is convinced of the necessity for an immediate return, and is emphatic in his statement of the things necessary to be done. The arrest of Gandhi, he says, was premature and a blunder; a new Constitution cannot be framed with the entire opposition in gaol; negotiations with Gandhi and the National Congress are unavoidable, but it is idle to imagine, as many do, that a settlement can be attempted through them alone. A genuine peace, Dr. Thompson contends, could be reached on a basis containing these points: simultaneous withdrawal of civil disobedience and the Ordinances, except in such special areas as Bengal and the Frontier Province; recognition of the Indian right of propaganda on behalf of *Swadeshi* goods, and of the right to buy and sell foreign goods; and the setting out upon a definite programme of reconstruction—political, economic, and educational. Dr. Thompson disagrees flatly with the Indian leaders who, at the Round Table and afterwards, have refused provincial autonomy as a start. He is sure that the provinces need release from the Centre and freedom to work out their own

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plans of home rule. There are three costly burdens, he affirms, that India can no longer carry: the Government as it is, the Princes as they are, and the Indian social system—the third being the least supportable of the three. The little book, whose worth is equal to its downrightness, contains a short chapter on Amritsar, with testimony to certain new and important facts; namely, that General Dyer did not know when he opened fire that the crowd in the walled enclosure had no means of escape, and that the realisation of what he had done broke his nerve and for many months destroyed his sleep.

M. André Philip is commended, by his publishers, as a keenly observant Frenchman. That he may be; but his book, a readable production, is largely a condensation of material that is accessible, though widely scattered, in official and other reports. It deals in the main with agricultural and industrial conditions, and as such contains a good deal that is commonly omitted by writers on present-day India. In his historical chapters M. Philip restates the old and damaging case against the East India Company and its governmental allies for their systematic destruction of the native industries, and no recent writer, either English or Indian, has done it with greater emphasis. About sixty pages only are concerned with political movements, and here M. Philip is not seldom misleading. It is unusual to find the writer of an introduction disagreeing sharply with his author, but this is what Lord Burnham does in his comment upon the very meagre passage devoted to the Government's record in irrigation. He is justified in so doing, although he should know that M. Philip's brief references to Amritsar are fair enough. Lord Burnham regrets that the book should be "disfigured by inaccuracies which could easily have been corrected." We agree; the translator should have been equal to removing the more glaring blunders, especially in proper names. But author and introducer are in this respect not far apart; for while M. Philip speaks of Lord Morley as Viceroy, Lord Burnham does not seem to know who the great Lord Lawrence was.

A NOBLE MONUMENT

Politica Methodice Digesta. By JOHANNES ALTHUSIUS. Edited by C. J. FRIEDRICH. Oxford University Press: Milford. 34s. 6d.

Until the publication of Gierke's great monograph in 1880, it is hardly too much to say that Althusius had peacefully slumbered for two hundred and fifty years. Some discussion in Grotius, a brief notice in Bayle, a tantalising footnote in Rousseau, were all that remained to testify to the work of certainly the most learned, and perhaps the most suggestive, of seventeenth-century political thinkers. After Gierke's work everyone realised that a new planet had swum into man's ken. But his book was irritatingly rare; perhaps a score of copies existed in public, and not more than two or three in private libraries. Most of those who wrote about him obtained their knowledge at second-hand from Gierke.

Now Professor Friedrich has made his book available for all in an edition it would be difficult to overpraise. Nobly printed, so that it is a joy to read, furnished not only with an ample index, but also with a laborious and invaluable guide to Althusius's own vast learning, it is a service to scholarship of the very first order. Professor Friedrich has given us, too, some score of letters never before printed, much the best account we have of his life, and a critical introduction of which it is sufficient to say that Gierke himself would not have disowned it. His work does honour not only to himself but to the University which made its publication possible.

The importance of Althusius is of a special kind. Just as Spenser is the poet's poet, so, it may be suggested, is Althusius the political philosopher *par excellence* for political philosophers. Though there were four editions of his book in some fifty years, it can never have been popular in the sense that Hobbes or Locke or Rousseau gained an immediate and profound influence. It is too learned, too cumbrous, almost too subtle an instrument for that. If in a sense it is a *livre de circonstance*, in that it bears upon its face the impact of religious conflict and the Dutch rebellion, it is also, in a quite special way, a system of which the foundations are hardly relevant to space and time. Professor Friedrich puts it well when he says that Althusius stands between "St. Thomas and modern political science." On the one hand he looks backward to the universality of the great mediæval thinker, and to his ultimate emphasis upon religion as the essential social interest; on the other, he clearly points the way to the modern world with its self-sufficient politics untouched by the notion of divine revelation. By no one is the bridge between the mediæval and the modern in politics so comprehensively spanned.

All this is brought out by Professor Friedrich with a wealth of illustrative learning. He is not content merely to follow in Gierke's track; and where he differs from his great predecessor he has always something substantial on his side. Perhaps he writes a little more abstractly than an Englishman would naturally do, with something of that passion for involved construction which is the prerogative of the German *gelehrte*. Perhaps, also, he over-emphasises a little the pragmatic element in Althusius's thought. I think a case could be made out for the argument that there is a larger infusion of natural law in Althusius than Professor Friedrich is willing to admit. I think, also, that there is a tendency to see more modernity in him than is actually there. I believe Figgis to be right against Professor Friedrich in his view that Althusius subordinated the secular to the ecclesiastical power; and I am not so sure as he that toleration is not (with the special limitations insisted upon) meant to be regarded as an individual right.

But these are very small matters. The essential thing is that with this edition Professor Friedrich steps into the front rank of the historians of political thought. His volume is the second in a series superbly inaugurated by his colleague Professor McIlwain. There will have to be fine work done elsewhere to equal its quality.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

ON, TO OLYMPUS

The English Poetic Mind. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

"Poetry," says Mr. Williams, "explains itself by existing."

> Shakespeare, Milton, and Wordsworth may have been moved by any personal cause or aiming at any moral or metaphysical purpose conceivable—it does not matter; I have been concerned with the poetry only as it exists, and with its interrelations.

And again: "What poetry says *is* the poetry," and "Poetry has to do all its own work." If so, the reader may ask, why write a book—even a short book—about it?

There is something to be said both for Mr. Williams and for the (baffled and) protesting reader. Poetry does have to do all its own work. A book about poetry cannot explain poetry. Both statements are true. To do what Mr. Williams has done and to make a study of the passing of the poetic genius from its earlier states to its full strength is no "explanation" whatever of Shakespeare's, Milton's, and Wordsworth's poems. And yet such a study may be well worth while. It may have the effect of making the reader want to re-read the whole of Shakespeare, the whole of Milton, and the whole of Wordsworth (*Excursion* and all). In a sense Mr. Williams has done nothing, and in a sense he has done everything. He has told us that "by its increasing capacity to express solitude, change, and action the increasing strength of the poetry is known." To tell us this is nothing; to show us it, is very far from nothing. And he has shown as well as told.

Mr. Williams is poles apart from the critic whose criticism rummages the graveyard for the dead-bones of a poet's dead loves. There is no gossip about Harriet, no tattle of Mary Fitton, no scratching round after Annette. His method results in sending us not to history, to biography, or to psychology; not to facts or to Freud, but to *Troilus*, to *Samson*, and to *The Prelude*. It is a good method.

It will be a pity if the would-be reader should be put off by some initial obscurities in the style. These arise from a tendency in Mr. Williams to trust his reader: to trust him, that is, to give his whole attention and to use his imagination. Mr. Williams has (quite deliberately, he tells us) preferred to write a short book rather than a long book. It is a reintroduction, not an introduction, to the poets with whom it is concerned. It presupposes a certain amount of familiarity with English poetry and also a willingness on the reader's part to use his wits. Mr. Williams, as readers of *Poetry at Present* will remember, has himself a singularly energetic, honest, and exhilarated mind. His book will appeal neither to the sluggish nor to the precious. Nor will it appeal to those who turn to it expecting a Spenglerian-like exposition of the racial traits in English poetry. Mr. Williams holds that "it is extremely

dangerous and undesirable to make patterns in poetry" (surely he means "of poetry"?).

"Too often," he says, "the greatness of Pope is hidden because he lived in an 'age of Prose' or Byron's closeness to the Augustans is unstressed because he lived in the Romantic Revival."

He takes care to tell us that his book is a study of the Poetic Mind, illustrated by reference to English poets, and not a study of the specifically English poetic genius.

The readers to whom the book will appeal are the genuine lovers of poetry, and of them only those who are not so much obsessed by their own preferences as to be unable to listen patiently to the expression of other people's. Nobody will agree with everything that Mr. Williams says, but it is difficult to think that anyone who comes to the book with the attitude which Mr. Williams expects of him—and is justified in expecting of him—will fail to find something which will interest and stimulate. *The English Poetic Mind* is a short book, but it is not a little book: its modest two hundred pages are worth more than the bulky volumes of many costly rivals. It has sound aesthetics as its back, and it is written with judgment, independence, and good sense.

SHORTER NOTICES

Reminiscences of a Public Schoolboy. By W. M. MARCY, with a supplement by I. B. M. Stuart. Mathews and Marrot. 6s.

In a brief preface to this book the present High Master of St. Paul's remarks: "It can certainly not be said that Paulines resemble a machine-made product," a claim which all who know Paulines will admit and which the volume supports. It is Mr. Marcy's purpose to point out the advantages of the day-school as contrasted with the boarding school and, incidentally, to honour St. Paul's. Mr. Marcy setting out to write about Dr. Walker writes naively, frankly and quite pleasantly about himself; perhaps it is unfortunate that the ordinary school stories in which his book abounds mostly suggest that whatever Walker could do, he could not choose assistant masters. Mr. Stuart is far more conscious of the ulterior object of the book and has not the same fund of stories to draw on. Many of his remarks of needed reforms, especially in the boarding-house system, are very sensible; but the system and its ethics are to him the ideal of education. His all-too-passionate defence, which, while strongly ethical in its tone, ignores the claims of social justice in education, will not make many converts. It is a pity that the book is so scrappily and sometimes sloppily written.

The Proceedings of the British Academy. Vol. XV. 1929. Oxford University Press. 30s.

A glance at this volume would convince anyone of the value of the work which the Academy performs if only by inviting scholars to give lectures such as are reprinted here. In this volume—to choose a few titles—there are papers by Dr. Inge on Plotinus, Dr. Dover Wilson on "The Elizabethan Shakespeare" and Mr. Joseph on "A Comparison of Kant's Idealism with that of Berkeley." But the most striking contribution is that made by Prof. Norman Baynes in his paper "Constantine the Great and the Christian Church," which almost for the first time presents Constantine as a human being neither a precocious sceptic nor a saintly monarch of the St. Louis stamp. We can only hope that the author will follow this up by a full-length picture of the emperor.

Bougainville: Soldier and Sailor. By MAURICE THIÉRY. Grayson and Grayson. 15s.

Opening in the manner of a novelette—the scenes introducing Mme. de Pompadour being of a Wardour Street luxuriance—the story of Louis-Antoine de Bougainville sheds its tawdriness as it proceeds, till one wonders how it came about that one hand should have been responsible for such a queer conjunction of styles. It is true that throughout the method of the novelist is often used so that we are given thoughts and scenes and speeches for which there can be no authority save the author's imagination. But only in the opening chapters does this method jar. On the whole, the story of the famous French seaman is clearly told, though told best where Bougainville's own narrative of his voyage round the world is put under contribution. His less-known adventures as an aide-de-camp to Montcalm in Canada, his ill-fated colonisation of The Falkland Islands, and his services with the d'Estaings and, later, with de Grassas' squadrons in American waters are dealt with, and help to give us the man as his contemporaries knew him; but it is with the circumnavigator that M. Thiéry seems most at home.

Medieval Faith and Fable. By CANON J. A. MACCULLOCH. Harrap. 15s.

In a brief foreword Sir J. G. Frazer pays a charming compliment to Canon MacCulloch's *Misty Isle of Skye* and adds: "I can conceive that chapters of *Medieval Faith and Fable* will be read as lessons on Sabbath evenings in those far-off Hebridean isles of which the author retains many a tender recollection." But one does not need the ever-changing skies of the inner Hebrides or the red peaks of the Coolins as background to enjoy this picturesque collection of strange beliefs and medieval imaginings. Canon MacCulloch deals with every aspect of medieval belief, from the speculations of the theologians regarding the elemental bodies improvised from air, earth and moisture by demons when they wished to unite with sinful mortals, to "the odour of sanctity" which was exhaled after death from bodies of saints, and sometimes continuing for centuries. Visions of Heaven and Hell. Hosts flying from the altar or conveyed by the Lord to an ecstatic, shape-shifting, the fantasticalities of miracle-working, the potency of relics—we are swept into a world in which nothing is what it seems. But Canon MacCulloch's book lacks a unifying purpose, and cataloguing tends to upset proportions. We cannot measure the intellect of an Aquinas by the puerilities in which the schoolmen so often indulged nor can we even judge a shrewd peasant by his belief in faery or sacred tree. Canon MacCulloch does not, of course, hold the old view of the dark ages which saved so many the trouble of thinking, but he does not make his own position very clear.

Impressions of England, 1809-1810. By ERIK GUSTAV GEIJER. Compiled from his Letters and Diaries, with an Introduction by ANTON BLANCK. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The historian and poet Geijer, whose greatest work, the *History of the Swedish People*, was translated into English in 1845, is still not widely known in this country. He visited England immediately after his university course; he reveals himself a thoughtful and sensitive observer, interested not only in the social life of Bath, the London theatre, and the native programme of beef, beer and exercise, but also in the political situation, particularly as concerning the radicalism of Burdett and Cobbett. Prof. Blanck traces Geijer's Liberal sympathies and the realistic philosophy of his later years to an English source. This may appear paradoxical in a writer whose nationalism is his characteristic trait; and indeed there is a hint that the editor, faced with no abundance of material, has laboured his points to lend his theme importance. Geijer found England at first lacking in beauty and obsessed by utility; but finally he perceives richness free from ostentation, a straightforward integrity which he describes as "a medicine for a Swede," and above all liberality, defined as the capacity "to act and to judge without distraction by personal interest."

Hunger and Work in a Savage Tribe. By AUDREY I. RICHARDS. With a Preface by B. MALINOWSKI. Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.

Professor Malinowski points out that Dr. Richards has made an able inquiry into a neglected subject; hunger and its satisfaction is

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at least as important as sex, which has hitherto claimed greater attention from the anthropologist and the psychologist.

Among primitive peoples the child is suckled up to the age of two, three, or four years old, and is exclusively dependent on the mother. For some years after the mother is still the sole food-provider. It is only when the boys are five or six years old that the father begins to concern himself with feeding them.

The father controls the food supply, not only the meat from his flocks and herds, but according to Dr. Richards (other observers differ), "and, in general, the grain supply too." Dr. Richards has interesting passages on the regulation of meals and the distribution of food, on rain-making and on first-fruit rites.

The chapter on "Food as a Symbol," with its notes on commensalism, sacrifice and tabus on sharing special foods is excellent, and Dr. Richards has produced satisfactory evidence for the view that "the sacrifice is based on the sentiments formed round the family meal in early childhood, rather than on a mystical sense of clan or tribal cohesion."

About Motoring

1933 SINGER CARS

IN common with all motor journalists I often grow a little weary of recording that the 1933 Streak will have cylinders 2mm. larger, and that the gear box has been redesigned to afford better silence. Yet if we review the advance of the motor car over some years, even over such a brief term as three years, we are compelled to recognise and admire a genuine advance; and progress in the mass is based on such minutiæ. So I conquer a temperamental impatience with small things, and admit that the 1933 Singers are more worthy than their 1932 predecessors. There are five chassis on the list. The Twelve (a four-cylinder) and the Two-Litre (an 18 h.p. six-cylinder), are the familiar models with petty, routine modifications. The Nine and the Fourteen are new cars; and the luxury model, advertised as the "Kaye Don," has a new body and a redesigned chassis, so that it almost ranks as a novelty.

For most people the new Nine will be the centre of interest, and it unquestionably embodies valid advances on the 1932 small car. The engine remains at the same size, but the power has been boosted to such a degree that a fan is now an essential aid to cooling; this is driven by the best type of belt, an endless V-rubber pattern, which is intrinsically unbreakable, suffers the minimum of slip, and is equipped with simple adjustment. Second in interest to the improved engine is a delightful transmission; the clutch has a flexible centre, which ensures good alignment and easy engagement. The gear box has noiseless pinions for both intermediate gears, instead of for 3rd speed only as last year; and its ratios are 5.22; 8.3; 12; and 21.4, with 29.6 for the reverse. These are very sensible gaps. A low reverse encourages a timid driver when manœuvring backwards, and the low bottom gear facilitates restarting on severe hills. But the real key to this new car is its increased comfort. Pains have been taken to expand the coachwork, and roominess has been enhanced. The frame is longer, and the spring pads have been pushed out near the ends of the rear axle, so that the body rides more steadily. The tyres are not of the "doughnut" type, but covers measuring 18in. × 4½in. are enormous when contrasted with the narrow treads which figured on small cars three years ago. Flanked by good hydraulic shock absorbers, and well-designed springs, these tyres confer very pleasant travel. No fault can be found with the suspension until really bad roads are struck. Some of us remember the jumpiness of the first 7 h.p. cars; a chasm yawns between their road comfort and the smooth riding of this 1933 baby car. Lockheed brakes, a 12-volt electric installation, silentbloc spring bushes, and a good steering layout complete a most attractive specification, and the coachwork range covers six bodies, priced at figures varying from £159 to £185. The 14 h.p. six-cylinder may be ordered with a 12 h.p. four-cylinder engine for hard utility work.

The six-cylinder 18 h.p. has just acquired fame by surmounting the journey from London to Edinburgh on top gear, a task which demanded 40 h.p. when S. F. Edge astonished the world by a similar drive on his huge Napier. But the firm's chief pride is the Kaye Don model, a medium-sized car of luxurious type, for £365 in the saloon or coupé editions. The Kaye Don has a most attractive tail. The rear guards are pressed in one piece with a sort of skirt encircling the rear end of the car and covering the petrol tank. Above this are mounted the two spare wheels, which all hard drivers love. Behind the wheels is a capacious luggage container with top opening; and inside its lid is a tray carrying the entire tool kit, which is thus kept accessible and clean. It is a pity that modern traffic bullies us into fitting bumpers, which interfere with the fine lines obtained by the artist who sketched this stern. Men of more robust mind will be justifiably interested in the 47 b.h.p. which the powerful engines of these 18 h.p. sixes can furnish on demand. They are backed by the type of transmission already described. Marles steering, mechanical-servo brakes, a huge oil sump to ensure proper lubrication under sustained high speed, 20 × 5½in. tyres, self-starter Solex carburettor, hydraulic shock absorbers—every detail of the specification is super-modern, except the transmission. Personally, I am rather glad that at least one leading firm refuses to cater for the car which a novice can drive without thought. It is good that some factories should cater for morons, but a great many of us continue to regard driving as an art, and refuse to treat it as a nuisance inseparable from travel. It is, of course, conceivable that the Singer people are secretly designing their private counterblast to the fluid flywheel and the pre-selector gear; but I hope that they will be robust enough to cling to established practice.

The omission of bumpers from the cheaper models is to be deprecated; they are indispensable under modern traffic conditions, and lighten the task of the insurance companies by minimising the number of dinged mudguards. I am not sure that the abolition of a split rear main bearing to the 9 h.p. crankshaft is sound, but should have to investigate the job to be comfortable about it. The Singer coachwork has been famous for outline and beauty and comfort since 1913, and the lines of several of the 1933 models are joyous to a degree, the Kaye Don saloon being a really beautiful car, whilst the naughty little 70 m.p.h. speed Model Nine is also lovely. R. E. DAVIDSON.

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Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 4.—NEVERLAND

By way of consolation for some unkind criticisms in the press, General Givham-Biennes is made Military Governor of Neverland. The General has under his command one hundred military units.

There are three garrison towns in Neverland, which bear the somewhat unfortunate names of Day, Night and Morrow.

On July 1st, 19—, General Givham-Biennes' units are distributed among the three towns.

At 8 a.m. that day (08.00, military time) he broadcasts the following order:

"UNITS NOW AT DAY WILL PROCEED TO NIGHT TO MORROW. UNITS NOW AT MORROW WILL PROCEED TO DAY TO NIGHT. UNITS NOW AT NIGHT WILL PROCEED TO MORROW TO DAY."

At 6 p.m. (18.00) he broadcasts:

"ORDERS GIVEN THIS MORNING FOR UNITS TO PROCEED TO NIGHT ARE CANCELLED AS FAR AS UNITS WHICH HAVE NOT YET MOVED ARE CONCERNED."

And at midnight (23.59) he announces:

"UNITS WHICH WENT TO DAY TO NIGHT WILL RETURN AT DAYBREAK TO MORROW."

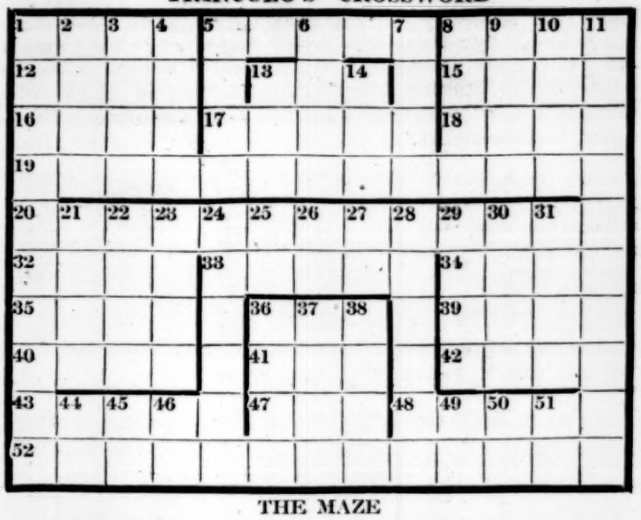
[It may be taken that the General's idea of "day" (considered as a time-unit) is the period ending at 6 p.m. (18.00), and of "night" the period between 6 p.m. and midnight.]

On July 3rd, the distribution of the General's forces is as follows: At Day: 26 units. At Night: 24 units. At Morrow: 50 units.

Assuming that, where an order has two possible meanings, half the unit commanders to whom it may possibly refer interpret it in one sense and half in another, what was the distribution of General Givham-Biennes' forces at 8 a.m. on July 1st?

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o. NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, August 23rd.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



THE MAZE

ACROSS

1. Here it lies.
5. Napoleon's and others.
8*rev.* Beware, it's hollow.
12. Inside what's filled.
13. Black on the bench.
15. I just run around.
16. A priest.
17. Said to be a good type.
18. Not one returned.
19. Attribute of the task of setting Crosswords
20. Tyrolese.
32. A little one out of a moat.
33*rev.* Hollow.
34. If all came back after me, you'd find me in Alençon.
35. Coarse canvases.
36. Home for old beans.
39. Dies to be avoided.
40. Cicero's himself.
41. Here's—past.
42. Fluff's county.
43. Margaret in a letter.
47. Fragments returned.
48*rev.* Island of much discord.
52. Habitual in the country of the blind.

DOWN

1. They say it makes for purity.
2. A conductor displaced.
3. The setting of this battle was rather more than a crime.
4. I this so many things.
5. Look for me in a bottle.
6. My school is out of fashion.
7. When yours call, they may find you out.
8. Nothing known of 7 here.
9. Not a model for politicians.
10. Some sort of defence below par.
11. Responsible for much cowardice.
13. Lops after, a savoury dinner.
14. The first one counts in France.
21*rev.* My "ology" treats of infirmity.
22*rev.* Professor Zeno's academy.
23*rev.* One of the Percies.
24. Might be danced backwards.
25, 26. Mixed Colour.
27. Same as 25.
28*rev.* The children of Hamelin went our way.
29. My test is conclusive.
30. Chose the wrong moment to be musical.
31*rev.* I dry up easily.
36. Irishmen in butter.
37. Large and voracious.
38. Aperture.
44, 45. No one could have been so muddled in Rome.
46. Departed before 45*rev.*
49, 50, 51. Almost a gallop in disarray.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1, 16. latitudinarianism. 14. lupi *rev.* 15. Llete (Lethe). 16. See 1. 17. (tool. 18 *rev.* decla (rations). 19. easy *rev.* 20. entomological. 27. aspen. 28. noses. 29. sugar (= rag us *rev*). 32. kythe *rev.* 35. thought reader. 36 *rev.* clou(ted). 39. scion *rev.* 42. area *rev.* 44. Ruhr. 46. Toole *rev.* 47. grot(to). 48. equiponderate.

DOWN.—1. literature. 2. apo(gee). 3. stout *rev.* 4. ill. 5. Thame(s). 6. ull (age). 7. declin(a)tion. 8. ite(m) = 1—1000. 9. ned-go (Ogden *rev.*). 10. any 11. risee (rices). 12 *rev.* Asi(atic). 13. amcli-orate. 21. Nash. 22. opgu (OCPU). 23. onrh (a "crumpled" horn). 24 *rev.* Reno. 25. (v)ista. 26 (b)aske(t). 30. (e)lon *rev.* 31. penga *rev.* 33. heste ("sheet" disarranged). 34. ydera (Ready). 37 *rev.* guo (rum). 38 (dernier) cri. 40. (c)olo(n). 41. cod. 42. R.G.A. *rev.* 43, rot. 45. hu(ndred).

Problem No. 2.—DOGS

The owners and dogs are as follows:

Mr. Bloodhound owns the Cocker.
Mr. Cocker owns the St. Bernard.
Mr. Mastiff owns the Pom.
Mr. Peke owns the Mastiff.
Mr. Pom owns the Bloodhound.
Mr. Pug owns the Peke.
Mr. St. Bernard owns the Pug.

"The best problem you have given us so far," writes one of my regular solvers. I am not myself as enthusiastic as all that about these purely inferential problems (for one thing, they can be solved by guesswork), but they are evidently popular.

Problem No. 1.—HATS

Sets of Low's cartoons are awarded to:

(1) Hugh Gamon, Hartford Hey, Parkgate, Wirral, Cheshire.
(2) Mac C. (Name and address, please!)

These, of course, were not necessarily the first two correct solutions received. The method of awarding prizes eliminates all adventitious considerations.

To Correspondents.—Only the *answers* to problems need be sent, not the method of working. Comments and criticisms from solvers are, needless to say, appreciated.

CALIBAN.

Cheery Optimism

AMONG the many admirable traits of British character none is more pronounced than the cheery optimism which has brought the nation through many great trials and difficulties.

Optimism, when circumstances warrant it, is wholly praiseworthy; but cannot each of us recall among friends and acquaintances at least one instance of misplaced optimism concerning the continuity of life, which has had most dire results.

Every healthy man rightly expects to enjoy a normal tenure of life—but, in fairness to those who are dear to him he should guard against the possibility of his expectation not being fulfilled by arranging assurances proportionate to his income.

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The Sign of Security

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR.

THE WALL STREET BOOM—CAUSES AND REACTIONS—THE GILT-EDGED SLUMP.

RETURNING from a holiday in Germany, imbued with the quiet depression of this disciplined people (the few political assassinations pass as unnoticed as street accidents generally do in densely populated areas), I confessed to a momentary shock at the sight of Englishmen excitedly buying American securities and talking of a boom in Wall Street for the next six to nine months. Had the London broker been deprived of his senses while the German had been solemnly casting his vote for Hitler or Communism? On reading the back numbers of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, I was relieved to find I had long been expecting a recovery in Wall Street but had just become tired of waiting. The Americans had overdone the slump in security values: they are bound, at the outset, to overdo the recovery. When Wall Street is bearish every adverse factor is exaggerated: no end to the depression can be seen. As soon as sentiment is changed every adverse factor is ignored: no check to the recovery can be imagined. But every market in securities is mental and we must not be surprised that a mere change in sentiment can bring about rises of 50 to 100 per cent. in the quotations of market leaders. There was a lot of "slack" to be taken up in the American security ropes. "Short" positions had to be covered, and in the absence of sellers (forced liquidation being suspended) there was a grand opportunity for squeezing the "bears." The rebound has been normal judged by all the circumstances. It should not be measured by way of percentages from the abnormally low quotations ruling on July 8th, but by the number of points gained in the index. On the showing of Standard Statistics the present recovery has so far not been exceptional as compared with previous attempts since 1929–30.

* * *

The causes of the Wall Street rebound need not be traced back beyond the measures taken by the Hoover Administration to end the banking or domestic financial crisis. The work of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the open market operations of the Federal Reserve Banks laid the foundations for the recovery in security values. On June 11th I recall writing that relief works in America were to be confined to the Stock Exchange, at any rate for the present. This was in connection with the formation of the American Securities Investing Corporation—a banking syndicate managed by J. P. Morgan & Company and Kuhn, Loeb and Company designed to support the bond market—and make a profit. I implored my readers not to laugh at this peculiarly American attempt at relieving the business depression. It was serious—the pool called up $12 millions from its members in the second week of July—and it succeeded in its object. The recovery in the bond market and in preferred stocks preceded and directly led to the recovery in equity shares. Here it is necessary to pay tribute to the part played by London financial houses in this movement, for British buying of dollar bonds and preferred shares came at the right psychological moment. Next, the successful issue of $600 millions of U.S. Treasury notes at the end of July showed that the Government had no difficulty in obtaining funds to finance the Federal unemployment relief programme authorised by the Relief Bill which Congress passed before rising. This Bill and the Home Loans Bank Bill marked the end of the financial crisis. Finally, confidence has been restored in the dollar. By the end of June, the export of gold from America had practically come to an end, the relief being marked by the reduction in the New York re-discount rate to 2½ per cent. From September, 1931, to the end of June, America had lost about $900 millions in gold; yet there were still $942 millions of gold in excess of the legal requirements. This convinced Wall Street that the dollar was impregnable. On July 23rd I was writing that the financial crisis showed signs of exhausting itself. This was rather timid in the light of subsequent events.

* * *

The financial crisis being solved, Wall Street was only waiting upon favourable omens in the political heavens. These came with the adjournment of Congress and the Lausanne Agreement. It appears that the Lausanne Agreement impressed the average American much more than the average European, who, after all, has a much clearer sense of political realities. Official Washington may have been annoyed by the "gentleman's agreement," but as soon as it had decided that the Government could not refuse the European invitation to come into the international economic and currency conference, Wall Street read the political heavens as favourable. At last, it was argued, a constructive move had been taken by Europe which America could support. Senator Borah did much to fan the flames of market optimism by announcing his conversion to the doctrine of revision or remission of war debts as a business proposition for America. The way was now clear financially and politically for the "bull" movement to develop. As the American says, "And how!" The turnover on Wall Street increased from a miserable 200,000 shares on July 12th to 5,500,000 shares on August 8th—the largest total for over a year. Some individual rises were sensational. This is what happened to the shares given in the list on June 25th.

	Price July 25.	Present Price (Aug. 9).	1931 Earnings.	Present Div. Rate.
			$	
Drug	27¾	41	5.55	4.0
National Dairy Prods.	16½	22	3.47	2.60
Woolworth	25½	35¼	3.19	2.40
Reynolds Tobacco	27½	34	3.64	3.0
National Biscuit	28¼	38½	2.86	2.80
Cons. Gas of N.Y.	36⅝	54¼	4.94	4.0
Liggett and Myers	37½	53	6.87	5.0
American Tobacco B.	50⅝	78½	9.07	6.0
General Foods	20⅜	27¾	3.44	3.0

I would also mention International Nickels which jumped in London from 6⅝ to 12⅜ before relapsing to 11.

* * *

At the moment of writing, Wall Street has reacted. Is this a consolidation before a fresh advance or the end of the boomlet? Actual evidence of business improvement is hard to find. The Department of Commerce has declared that business is better, but this must be political faith rather than economic judgment. Steel operations remain at the grotesque figure of 16 per cent. of capacity. But the bulls argue that it is commodity prices rather than business statistics which should be watched. The *Economist* indices show that the fall in the prices of primary products was arrested on July 13th. Between that day and July 27th, the indices have moved upwards. There has been a sharp spurt in cotton on the publication of the first crop estimate by the Department of Agriculture, the estimate being one million bales below expectations. The fact that stocks of commodities in consumers' hands have been reduced to negligible proportions gives support to the view that the turning point in commodity prices has come. But I attach much more importance to the report that a pool of $500 millions is to be formed by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation for loans to trading houses for the purpose of commodity purchases. This would inaugurate a gigantic gamble in commodity futures. Whether the Wall Street boomlet will develop fresh strength depends, therefore, almost entirely on the course of commodity prices. Sentiment is 90 per cent. of every initial movement in security values, but sentiment alone will not sustain a bull movement indefinitely. At this stage I am not prepared to be prophetic, but if the $500 millions commodity pool is formed there is every chance that the market will maintain its advance until the International Economic Conference is convened. On the results of that Conference the equity share markets will depend for their next move.

* * *

Something of a slump has overtaken British Government funds. I would invite my recent critics to read one short quotation from the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 23rd:—

> . . . Nevertheless, if the return of foreign and American confidence in the dollar and the flow of British capital to New York for long-term investment or speculation caused a real slump in the sterling exchange so that the cry was heard of a flight from the pound, the authorities would be forced to take drastic action, and among the many things that would happen would be a setback in the market in British Government funds and fixed interest securities.

Apart from the setback in sterling, the increase in the note circulation and the uncertainty regarding the results of the Conversion operation contributed to the reaction in British Government funds. Now that the reaction has come, the market is professing to be very annoyed with the aloof attitude of the Treasury authorities. Why do they not support the gilt-edged market if they will not support sterling? The reaction is a useful lesson, but I do not think it should alarm the genuine investor. Money remains cheap, the Treasury has been able to borrow at under 10s. per cent. and there is no doubt that the conversion operation has been a success. When the speculative fever in Wall Street dies down, the pressure of cheap money will surely force up the price of gilt-edged securities again.

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